

PLUCK AND LUCK

ON THE PLAINS WITH BUFFALO BILL
OR TWO YEARS IN THE WILD WEST
AND OTHER STORIES

By An Old Scout



On sped the wagons at the top of the horses' speed. Tom dashed alongside of one of them and sang out: "Gimme a rifle!" Some one handed him a Remington, and a revolver was thrust out to him.

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On the Plains With Buffalo Bill

OR, TWO YEARS IN THE WILD WEST

By AN OLD SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.—The Young New Yorker and Buffalo Bill in Leavenworth City.

In the stirring days just after the war Leavenworth City was the starting point of nearly all the wagon-trains which moved westward across the immense prairie plains. The place was always full of teamsters, traders, trappers, hunters, hustlers, gamblers, and that peculiarly indispensable character known in the West as a guide.

Among such a mass of people, whose calling was inseparable from danger, could be found many emigrants from the States east of Mississippi, all eager to get out beyond the border and grow up with the country. The fact that the ever restless redman lived out beyond the border and sometimes asserted himself did not appear to have the least particle of deterrent effect on the stream of humanity flowing in that direction. One day a youth of some nineteen years of age landed from a steamboat just arrived from St. Louis, and grip-sack in hand, sought one of the numerous hotels not far from the river front. Entering the hotel, he looked around till he saw the clerk's desk, and then advanced to it and asked:

"Have you a spare room?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "Do you want a whole room for yourself?"

"Yes, for the present at least," he replied, depositing his grip-sack at his feet and registering his name.

A dozen or more rough teamsters were looking on at the moment, and when he turned and followed the boy up to his room they rushed up to the register and read:

"Tom Hayes, New York."

"Humph!" grunted one of them. "A tenderfoot!"

In a little while young Hayes came downstairs, wearing boots, a flannel shirt, slouch hat, and looking neat as a new pin in that crowd of men, who were not overscrupulous in the matter of personal cleanliness.

He moved about among the crowd as if interested in everything he heard or saw. But he did not speak to any one because they were all strangers to him. They were a noisy crowd, for some had been drinking freely, and others talked of trips to Santa Fe and of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field. Young Hayes looked on and listened, but not knowing anybody there did not do

any talking. Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and a very gruff voice asked:

"Whar yer bound, tenderfoot?"

"I am bound to stay right here till I go somewhere else," replied the young New Yorker.

The query and answer caused a number to turn and look at the two men. The questioner was a big swaggering, red-shirted and full bearded man, with a belt and revolver on him. He was nearly a head taller than the young stranger.

"I reckon as how yer'd better go somewhere else now," returned the man, seeing that he was being laughed at by those around him, and he grabbed young Hayes by the collar and jerked him forward with such force that he collided with another man and nearly downed him.

But in another moment the young New Yorker let out his right hand straight from the shoulder and landed a blow on the man's nose. The bully staggered backward against another, who prevented him from falling, the blood streaming from his mashed nose. Quick as lightning strokes the youth gave him one, two, three more, full in the face, and the bully went down, dazed and stunned almost to insensibility.

Everybody rushed forward to see the fight, those in the rear crowding so hard upon those in front that the latter were pressed forward, carrying young Hayes with them. They tramped the fallen man under foot without being able to avoid it, and so howls and yells filled the large room of the hotel office. Some one fired and a man was hit. He in turn drew and fired, and so the row went on till those who believed that discretion was the better part of valor went out to avoid the danger.

"Who began it?" a man standing near Hayes asked.

"Coyote Jim tackled a tenderfoot and was downed, I heard one say," replied another.

"Coyote Jim downed!" exclaimed the first speaker. "I reckon not. He is the worst man in Leavenworth."

"I know he's a bad un," returned the other, "but I believe he was downed all the same."

"Well, if he was that tenderfoot, whoever he is, had better to get out of town in a hurry, for Jim never lets up when he gets started. He laid out Missouri Bill last month, you know."

"Yes. He got the drop on Bill that time. Bill was reaching for his gun when Jim bored him."

Young Hayes heard all that without uttering a word. But when he got the chance he slipped through the crowd and went up to his room, where he quietly opened his grip-sack and took out a revolver, and slipped it into his pocket, muttering to himself:

"I didn't think I would need it till we got out among the redskins. But I won't let Coyote Jim or any other Jim yank me around like that. Oh, no!"

He made his way downstairs again, to find the crowd as large as ever, and as much excited.

A party had now gotten Coyote Jim on his feet again, and were listening to his yells and terrible threats.

"Whar's thet tenderfoot?" he sang out. "Lemme git at 'im. I'm a whoopin' coyote o' ther plains! I'm greased lightnin'! Whar's ther galoot! Show me the tenderfoot, and I'll blow him inter so many pieces thet he'll make er dust."

"Hyer he is!" cried some one near young Hayes, recognizing the young stranger as he came up in the crowd.

Everybody turned and looked at the young New Yorker. A taunting laugh made the bully desperate, and he reached for his gun. Quick as a flash young Hayes covered him, hissing:

"Hold up your hands!"

Coyote Jim started. Young Hayes' gun also stared him full in the face, and the spectators held their breath in suspense. Up went Jim's hands.

"Hooray for ther tenderfoot!" yelled a man in the crowd, and the "hooray" was given with a will. But Hayes never lowered his gun.

"March out of here now," he said to Jim, and he marched to the front door, and passed out to the street, still holding his hands above his head.

Hayes then replaced his weapon in his pocket, and started to go back to his room. But the crowd made a rush to shake hands with him. They were shaking hands with him and making complimentary remarks about the way he had laid out Coyote Jim, when a big fellow, who had as bad a reputation as the other, said:

"Let ther tenderfoot alone. Give 'im er rest."

"Yes," chimed in one of his cronies, "ye're like a pack of crows. Give 'im er rest."

They were too dangerous to offend, so the crowd ceased and looked at the two bullies.

"Coyote Jim hadn't orter bin downed when he wuz so full," remarked the first speaker.

"No. When he is sober he kin take keer on hisself," said the crony.

"Yes, so kin any man wot is got any sand in him."

"Drunk or sober, he nor any other can come yanking me around the room in the way he did," put in Hayes.

"You're too young ter talk, boy," remarked the big bully.

"I guess not," said Hayes.

"Better shet that mouth o' yourn," suggested the crony.

"Yes, or yer might swaller yer teeth," added the other.

"I guess not."

"Shet up!" roared the bully, "or I'll spank yer," and he wheeled around and confronted young Hayes in a very belligerent manner.

"Did you speak to me?" Hayes coolly demanded.

Before the bully could answer a stalwart young

man, with a broad chest, flowing locks and piercing black eyes, pushed his way through the crowd and confronted him.

"If you are spoiling for a fight, Ben Barker," he said, looking the bully full in the face, "try your hand on me. That tenderfoot is a friend of mine, and the man who tackles him tackles me."

"I ain't got nothin' against yer, Bill," said the bully.

"Nor have you anything against this tenderfoot," said the newcomer. "You merely wanted to play bully with somebody. Keep your hands off him, or I'll wipe the floor with you."

"Buffalo Bill! Buffalo Bill!" yelled the crowd. "Hooray for Buffalo Bill!"

Young Hayes' eyes sparkled as he gazed at the young scout and guide, of whom he had heard so much, and he sprang forward and grasped his hand.

"I thank you ever so much, sir! I didn't know you were in a thousand miles of here."

"Thanks, young man. I came in from a long ride to-night, and just happened to drop in. Where do you hail from?"

"New York. I arrived to-day. Came to see life in the West, and of all men you are the one I most wanted to see."

"What is your name?"

"Hayes, Tom Hayes," was the reply; "and if there is any chance for me to go with you when you go out again I want it."

The great scout smiled and said to him:

"I'll see you again to-morrow, maybe. I am very tired now and am going up to bed," and with that he shook hands with the youth again and passed up to his room, followed by the cheers of the crowd. A little later young Hayes himself retired, going to his room to think over the points he had already seen of Western life.

CHAPTER II.—Out on the Plains—Captured.

The next morning young Hayes met Buffalo Bill at the breakfast table, and was received with a greeting that was very gratifying to him.

"You were in a tight place last night," said the famous scout, as Tom seated himself at the table.

"Maybe I was," he replied, "but I didn't think there was much danger in it."

"You didn't?"

"No. I was ready to get the drop on both of them."

"What do you know about getting the drop on a man?" the great scout asked, in no little surprise.

"I was brought up in New York, where I was taught that if a man forced a fight on you your game was to down him at the first blow, and then follow it up."

"But do you know that out on the plains a man often has to battle for his life, and against great odds?"

"Yes. I have read as much," replied Tom.

"And still you want to go?"

"Yes. I could ask nothing better."

"You have never used any lead on a man?"

"No, sir; an' don't want to if I can help it."

"Give me your hand on that, young man!" and Buffalo Bill reached across the table to shake

hands with him. "Every man out here thinks he must kill somebody before he can hope to be considered a brave man."

"I don't want to do anything of the kind," said Tom, "and don't care whether anybody thinks I am brave or not. All I have to do is to take care of number one, and you can trust me for doing that."

"There's plenty of good sense in that, young man. Have you a good horse?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know how to ride one?"

"Yes. I used to spend summers with an uncle in New Jersey who raised many horses, and I could ride any horse he had, whether broken or not."

"Have you money enough to buy one?"

"Yes, I think I have, if horses are not too high priced out here. And you will let me go with you?"

"Yes. I think you would stand true in a brush with the redskins. But what kind of weapons have you?"

Tom told him that he had nothing but one revolver.

"You want two revolvers and a good rifle. I have several rifles, though, and you can have your pick of them."

"Well, I am sure that will place me heavily in your debt," replied Tom. "I really don't know how to thank you."

They finished their breakfast and went out together to a stable, where a number of horses and horsemen were always to be found. Of course every man there knew Buffalo Bill, and hence no one interfered with him as he proceeded to show the horse he had spoken to Tom about. The man in charge of the stable was authorized to sell the horse, and Buffalo Bill advised Tom to take him. Tom did so, paid the money down, and left the horse in charge of the stableman.

"How about a saddle?" Tom asked.

"The saddle goes with the horse," said Cody. "The outfit goes together. Come on, now, we have but little time to lose."

He took him to a certain store where supplies of all kinds were to be had, and there several articles, which Tom had never dreamed of as being necessary out on the plains, were bought and paid for. In the afternoon Buffalo Bill brought him his rifle at the hotel and left it with him up in his room. Early the next morning Buffalo Bill called for him, and together they went to the stable for their horses. Tom found that his purchase was an admirable one in every respect, strong, swift and obedient to either voice or rein. When they got out of the town they rode several miles ere they came in sight of the wagon train. It stretched away at least a half a mile long, each wagon having a white canvas cover and all pretty near alike. They overtook the train, and the driver of the rear wagon sung out:

"Thar's Buffalo Bill!"

When they reached the head of the train Buffalo Bill rode up to a grizzled old man on a sorrel horse. The old man had a short, stubble beard, steel-gray eyes, and a face that was not unpleasant. But he was tanned till he was as dark as a Spaniard.

"Mr. Kall," said the scout, "this is my young

friend Hayes of whom I spoke to you last night. He goes with me."

The old guide turned his cold, steely eyes on the youth, and seemed to look right through him. Tom stood the test, and the old man put out his horny hand to him.

"Glad ter see yer," he said, and then relapsed into silence.

Buffalo Bill rode away, and Tom followed him, leaving the guide to himself. During the day and evening the scout rode up and down the line of wagons a dozen times to make himself familiar with the faces of the men in the party, and when they stopped to camp for the night out on the open prairie, he went among the women and children of the emigrants, and it was then that Tom saw some very pretty faces among them. Such was the first day out on the plains, and Tom Hayes never enjoyed anything so much in his life. He was tired, for he had kept up with Buffalo Bill all day long. Ten days later found the train away out beyond the border of white settlements, and, save where the streams flowed, a boundless expanse of prairie greeted them on every side. Along every watercourse a growth of timber relieved the monotony of the scene.

Up to this time quite a number of deer had been killed for the sustenance of the people with the train, but not a single buffalo had been seen.

But on the tenth day a small herd had been sighted some five miles away out on the right, and within a mile or so of a strip of timber which skirted the banks of a small stream. They dashed away toward the small herd as fast as their steeds could take them. In the grass their horses' hoofs could not be heard, and the wind was blowing in their faces as they rode. Yet they were discovered ere they got within range, and the big creatures started to run.

"After 'em now!" cried Buffalo Bill, putting spurs to his horse and dashing forward at increased speed. They dashed on in pursuit, and soon each was peppering his game for all he was worth. Both wounded their game, but the brutes did not seem disposed to give up. Riding up alongside of them, the two bold hunters began emptying their revolvers into the bodies of two big, shaggy brutes. Bellowing with pain and rage, the two great beasts turned and ran for the shelter of the timber a mile away, with their tormentors keeping abreast of them popping bullets into them at almost every bound.

At last they reached the timber just as Buffalo Bill had fired his last shot. Tom had one more shot left, and was about to give that to the staggering game, when his bit was seized by a couple of stalwart Indians, and a voice said:

"Ugh! Paleface stop now!"

Tom glanced around and saw that the thicket was full of redskins, and that Buffalo Bill was struggling with a dozen who were trying to pull him from his horse. He knew that he had one more charge in his revolver, so he clapped the muzzle against the head of the one who had seized him by the leg and pulled the trigger. The redskin sank to the ground to rise no more. But they were around him too thick. Resistance was useless, and in another moment a blow with the flat side of a tomahawk knocked him senseless from the saddle.

CHAPTER III.—A Running Battle for Life.

When Tom came to he found that both Buffalo Bill and himself were prisoners in the hands of a large party of Sioux Indians, under Yellow Bear, their famous chief. He was cool, however, and did not show any signs of fear as the painted warriors moved about him. In his schoolboy days he had read that for a prisoner in their hands to show any fear was to invite torture and sport at his expense. But he soon saw that the Indians did not regard him as amounting to anything at all. They surrounded Buffalo Bill and seemed to be wonderfully elated over having captured the great scout and fighter. Yellow Bear, the chief, was inclined to regard it as the crowning glory of his career that he had captured the great hunter and scout, and said that all his tribe should be gathered in one body to see him, and then decide upon his fate.

"Yellow Bear's heart is big with joy," the stalwart chief said, "and he will go back to his people with the great paleface chief and all his horses. Ugh! we will take all paleface's wagons"; and with that he gave orders to his braves to mount and prepare to attack the wagon train, which was slowly moving toward the timber at a point some three or four miles below the spot where the two hunters had been captured. Buffalo Bill and Tom were made to mount Indian ponies, and their feet were tied under their bellies, leaving their hands free but unarmed. Then they were to ride between two warriors, their horses' heads tied together.

All of a sudden a lively movement of the wagons was noticed. The one in the lead dashed forward at full speed, followed by the others, while every man seemed to have his rifle ready for fight. It was then the Sioux gave a yell and dashed forward at the top of the speed of their ponies. On sped the wagons. Away went the ponies, and Buffalo Bill's eyes gleamed with the light of battle as he saw how Old John Kall, the train guide, was preparing his men to repel the attack.

The Indians were trying to get between the train and the timber, and thus cut the whites off from shelter and water. The object of the whites was to gain the timber and make the fight there.

A band of redskins dashed forward to capture the foremost wagon, and old John Kall, with a party of mounted whites, met them. Lord! how the old guide and his men did pepper them! Suddenly one of the Sioux who was holding young Hayes' horse, received a bullet in the head, and he toppled over. A moment later the other one went down. Tom tried to urge his pony toward the wagons, but he was tied to the other. But he did not despair. Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation in one of his feet. He was wounded, but the bullet cut the thong that bound his feet together. He slipped from the back of the pony and made the discovery that his wound was little more than skin deep. Quick as a flash he picked up a rifle which lay on the ground by the side of a dead Indian, and shot down the one who was leading Buffalo Bill's pony.

"Quick, Hayes, my boy!" cried the scout. "Cut me loose! Cut me loose!"

Tom had no knife, but a tomahawk in the belt of a wounded Indian gave him the weapon he

wanted. He seized it and cut the thong that bound Buffalo Bill's feet.

"To the wagons!" cried the scout, dashing away on the pony.

Tom found a riderless horse, and sprang upon his back with a yell and a whoop. The old guide gave a yell of triumph when he saw Buffalo Bill dash up to his side and wade into the fight for all he was worth. On sped the wagons at the top of the horses' speed. Tom dashed alongside one of them, and sang out:

"Gimme a rifle!"

"Hyar's one!" cried some one, handing him a Remington, and a revolver was thrust out at him, too. He took it, and then dashed forward to the assistance of the foremost wagon, which the Indians were trying to capture. The redskins made a dash for him. Tom turned in his saddle and let fly three shots in rapid succession, emptying as many saddles. The redskins were dumfounded. They could not understand such rapid shooting. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for all their shots missed him.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The six charges in the rifle were exhausted. He tossed the rifle into the wagon and used his revolver.

"Good for you, Hayes!" cried the great scout. "Give it to 'em!"

"B'ars 'n rattlers, boy!" yelled old Kall, the guide. "Slop it to 'em! Kill ther derned skunks!"

Old Kall was a terror in battle. When his rifle was empty he used the heavy barrel as a club, and every head it touched was crushed in as though it were but an eggshell. When his revolver was empty Hayes dashed up to the wagon and asked:

"Gimme a loaded gun."

One was handed out to him, and he got it just in time to down two stalwart redskins who were making for him. Suddenly his own horse went down, shot through the head, and a howl of triumph went up from the redskins, who thought they had him dead to rights. They charged upon him furiously. He saw his peril and dashed for one of the wagons, into which he was pulled by the occupants. A few minutes later he heard old Kall and Buffalo Bill hurrahing, and he put his head out from under the canvas to see what caused it. He saw the redskins in full retreat, having lost many of their best warriors in the running fight.

"Whoop!" he yelled. "They are licked! They are running away!"

The men in the wagon with him could hardly believe their ears. They peered out from under the canvas, and saw the band of Sioux in full retreat, their numbers greatly decimated. Then they sprang from the wagons and made the welkin ring with their shouts. Old Kall came riding along down the line of wagons covered with blood, and looking like a human tiger in his fierceness.

"B'ars 'n rattlers! but it wur a tight squeeze, boys," he said.

"Yes," they replied, "but we licked 'em!"

Buffalo Bill rode along, too, a minute or two later, and saw Tom with the men.

"Give me your hand, Hayes," he said, running up. "You've got the right sort of stuff in you."

"So have you, Mr. Cody," replied Tom, as he gave him his hand.

"You shot down one of the varmints up in the woods there when they first showed up. That

meant business. I never ran into such a hornets' nest before in all my life."

"I didn't know what to make of it," said Tom. "I thought it was all up with us when I found that they had us in their power."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said Buffalo Bill, laughing. "But, see here—you have a swelled head. Were you hurt?"

"Yes; I was whacked on the head with a tomahawk, and the bullet that cut my feet loose hurt one of them."

"Well, I am a pretty good doctor in my way. You had better come up to the creek and let me dress your wound for you."

"Thanks. I'll be along there after a while."

Buffalo Bill rode back, and Tom turned to the man who had pulled him into the wagon just as the Sioux were crowding him most, and thanked him heartily for his service.

"A little help comes mighty handy when yer need it, eh, don't it?" the man said.

"Yes, indeed. If I had my horse and rifle back again I'd feel very much like myself."

"Thar's lots o' horses out thar what ain't got no owners," said an emigrant, looking back over the ground of the recent running fight.

Tom looked in that direction, and saw over a score of horses wandering about over the prairie, mostly Indian ponies.

"Hanged if I don't believe I see my horse out there," he said. "But it's such a long way off that I am not sure. Hanged if I don't go and see, anyhow."

He borrowed a rifle and revolver, mounted a pony, and rode back over the line of the fight. When he had ridden a mile or so he was dumfounded at seeing a warrior raise himself up on his knees and fire at him. The bullet killed the pony, who reared and fell on his side. Tom was quick enough to avoid being crushed by the fall, and rolled in the grass several feet away. A yell of triumph burst from the redskin, and Tom prepared to give him a bullet if he showed himself. He didn't know that the redskin's leg was broken, and that it was the cause of his being there at that time.

"Hang his yellow hide!" muttered Tom, as he crouched in the grass and waited to see what he would do next. "I'd like to give him one for that. I wonder if I'll have to pay for that pony?"

Ten minutes passed, and then Tom decided to creep forward in quest of the redskin.

Creeping through the grass he soon caught sight of him. The redskin was craning his neck to get a glimpse of him. Quick as a flash, Tom sprang up and fired. A death yell came from the Sioux warrior, who rolled over on the grass and died as bravely as he had lived, perhaps.

"Well, you are the fourth I've popped over today," said Tom, as he stood over the dead Sioux. "He was wounded. I wouldn't have hurt him if he had not fired at me. The red rascals don't expect any quarter, because they know they don't deserve any. He had a good rifle. I can get that after I get my horse. But I am afoot now. Why, hanged if they didn't catch it red hot! There lie four of 'em out there within ten feet of each other. They paid dearly for their fun. Hello! There lies one of our men stone dead!"

He walked on past them and kept his eye on the horses, something over a mile away. At last

he was sure that he saw not only his own horse, but Buffalo Bill's, too, among the loose horses out on the prairie. He placed his fingers between his lips and gave a shrill whistle which could be heard a mile or two. The horse pricked up his ears and gazed around the horizon. Tom gave another whistle, and the horse came bounding toward him at the top of his speed.

"Ah, what a splendid animal!" exclaimed Tom, as he watched the gallant steed careering toward him.

The horse came up to him with his saddle and bridle still on him. There was blood on the saddle, though, which told the story of the fate of the Sioux warrior who had appropriated him. Tom vaulted into the saddle and rode along the line of the fight, hoping to be able to secure Buffalo Bill's horse for him also. By a lucky chance he found both his and Bill's two rifles lying on the grass, where five redskins were also sleeping the everlasting sleep of death. He uttered a cry of joy, and sprang to the ground to secure them.

"Now, if I can get Buffalo Bill's horse for him, I'll go back to camp satisfied. I know it will do the boys good to hear how many dead redskins are lying around out here."

He again mounted his horse, and was about to start off in the direction of the horses, when he heard a groan some little distance off to the right in the line of the wagon trail. He rode in that direction, and was dumfounded at seeing a young girl lying in the grass. She seemed about his own age, and was trying to rise in a dazed condition.

"Gracious!" he gasped, leaping to the ground and lifting her in his arms. "What does this mean? How came she here?"

Just at this moment he heard distant shouts, and looking toward the wagon train he saw Buffalo Bill and Old Kall riding toward him. Also, away out on the right he saw a band of Sioux warriors bearing down upon him at full speed.

CHAPTER IV.—An Unexpected Danger.

For a minute or two Tom Hayes was almost paralyzed at the danger that threatened him. He gazed first at the whites, and then at the band of Sioux warriors bearing down upon him, and a glance was sufficient to convince him that the redskins would reach him first. On they came like a whirlwind, yelling with triumph, for they, too, saw that they could sweep over and destroy him ere the whites could come to his rescue. The girl heard their yelling, and it seemed to bring her to herself, for she opened wide her great brown eyes and gazed at them.

"Oh, they are coming back again. Save me—save me!"

"I will save you or die with you!" said Tom, very quietly; "but you must do just as I tell you. Prince, lie down, sir!"

The well-trained horse instantly lay down in the grass.

"Now, lie alongside of him," said Tom to the young girl, unfastening the two rifles from the saddle, "and stay there till I tell you to get up." She obeyed him promptly, but a moment later said:

"Give me a gun. I know how to shoot."

Tom gave her a revolver, and she crouched

down by the horse, holding the weapon in her hand. On came the Sioux, and Tom counted over one dozen of them. They had seen him separate himself from the main body of whites, and so had made the effort either to kill or capture him.

"This may be our last day on earth," said Tom to himself, "but as I have a dozen shots in these two guns I'll sell my life as dearly as possible. Here goes!"

He stood up straight as an arrow, and took deliberate aim at the foremost warrior, two hundred yards away, and fired. A yell was heard, the warrior grasped the mane of his pony, and then fell to the ground. Crack! Another warrior pitched headlong out of the saddle. Crack! A third warrior leaned forward and threw his arms around his pony's neck. The next moment he was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with him, using his rifle as a club. The young girl sprang from her place of concealment, and, rushing at the warrior, shot him dead with her revolver.

"Ugh! White maiden heap brave!" groaned a savage, springing at her and knocking the revolver from her hand. Then he seized her round the waist and sprang to his pony with her.

She uttered a piercing scream.

"Save me! Save me!"

But Tom had his hands full just at that moment, for two more warriors had come up and attacked him. He would have gone down under their combined attack had not Buffalo Bill now come in range and brought down two of them. The others then dashed away and escaped.

"By heavens! Hayes," cried Buffalo Bill, as he rode up to where he was standing, panting for breath, "that was the most magnificent fight I ever saw. Are you hurt?"

"No, I believe not," replied Tom. "I am only winded."

"Skin me alive, if I ever seed the like!" exclaimed old Kall. "Put yer paw right thar, pard," and he extended his hand to Tom, who shook it heartily.

"But they have got the girl," said Buffalo Bill. "We must get her out of their clutches at all hazards. Come on, Hayes! Go back to the camp, Kall!"

"Here's your rifle, Mr. Cody," sang out Tom to him.

But Buffalo Bill had gotten another from some one in the party, and did not stop to see his own.

"I'll take it back," said old Kall, taking the gun from Tom's hands.

"Up, Prince!" cried Tom to his horse, and the gallant steed sprang up with a celerity that astonished even the old guide. It may be well to state that the girl had fainted during the running fight with the Sioux, and had only fallen out of the wagon without being seen by any of her friends. They did not know what had become of her, and it was by the merest accident that Tom had found her. When Buffalo Bill and Tom went in pursuit of her the sun was just sinking below the horizon. The warriors were trying to make a circuit and regain their main body under Yellow Bear; but that was just the thing Buffalo Bill was determined to prevent. If he could get within range of them with his repeating rifle he would be able to thin out their numbers some ere twilight intervened. The evening star came out and looked on the scene of man's strife, and all seemed

quiet and peaceful enough overhead. Suddenly Buffalo Bill fired, and a Sioux warrior's whoop told that he was hit. Tom was but a little distance behind him, he, too, fired. The distance was great, and the bullet went astray.

"Come a little nearer," said Buffalo Bill, and they both dashed forward at the top of their horses' speed.

But the Sioux suddenly stopped, and prepared to make a stand.

"They are going to fight," said Buffalo Bill. "They are going to stand by their horses. Shoot down their horses the first thing, and then give them a bullet when you can. We can keep out of range of their guns, which don't carry far."

They opened fire, and in less than two minutes the horses of the Sioux were knocked out entirely. The warriors replied as best they could, but their shots fell short.

"Don't let up!" cried Buffalo Bill to Tom, "but be careful that you don't hit the girl."

Suddenly a warrior rose up from where he had been crouching behind his dead horse, and made a sign to the effect that he wanted to have a talk with the palefaces.

"All right. Come ahead!" cried Buffalo Bill, who understood the signal.

The warrior came forward, and Tom stood with his rifle ready to down him the moment he saw anything like treachery on the part of the redskins.

"Well, what do you want, redskin?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"Injun want to talk with his white brother, and smoke——"

"None of that now!" interrupted Buffalo Bill. "You want to stand us off till darkness gives you a chance to get away. You can't play that game on me, redskin. Just send that girl here right away, or I'll open fire on you at once."

The savage was taken aback, for he believed that he could talk half an hour, by which time it would be so dark that his comrades could get away unperceived.

"I won't give you any time," said Buffalo Bill. "Give up the girl and you may go. If you don't I'll gamble on it that not one of you redskins will live to see another sun."

"Ugh! Paleface heap big talk," grunted the warrior.

"Yes, and heap big fight, too," and with that he aimed and fired at one of the rascals who had exposed himself.

The fellow's death yell told the herald that one more of his party had been knocked out.

"Ugh! The paleface maiden shall return to her people," said the warrior.

"Send her along then," said Buffalo Bill, "and be very quick about it."

He went back to his friends, and in a minute or two the girl was seen to rise up and come toward the two brave hunters. When she reached them, she exclaimed:

"Oh, thank heaven, you have saved me!"

"We intended to do that, miss," replied the scout, "if we had to follow you a thousand miles."

"I never thought I would ever see my friends again."

"There are some who are not so fortunate," said Buffalo Bill. "Just give me your hand, and place your foot on mine, and I will lift you up to a seat

behind me. There, that will do. Are you well seated now?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, hold on to me and we'll be off."

She caught him around the waist and he put spurs to his horse and dashed off toward the camp of the wagon train. As he rode, Buffalo Bill gave several shrill whistles for his horse, keeping it up till he reached the camp. Soon after his arrival there his horse turned up, too. But the rejoicing over the return of the young girl, who belonged to the emigrant train in the rear wagon, was unbounded, for her mother and sisters had been bewailing her fate ever since she disappeared.

CHAPTER V.—In a Tight Squeeze.

As might have been expected in such a fight as occurred that day, quite a number of the whites were hit. Four were killed and nine wounded, and in consequence there was great grief in the camp that night. But the dead were soon buried out of sight with loving hands, and the wants of the wounded looked after. The drivers of the Santa Fe trail wagons had seen such scenes before, and did not care much about it. On nearly every trip they had a brush with the redskins, and naturally expected something of the kind. But the hero of the day was the young New Yorker, and everybody, from the old guide down to the youngest teamster, was loudly praising him. When he sat down on a log and bared his foot for Buffalo Bill to dress the slight wound he had received, men and women crowded to look at him and ask questions. Amelia Reed, the young girl, also came in for a good share of admiration, for Tom said to some of her friends:

"She is a good girl. She saved my life by downing one of the red rascals with a bullet through the neck. He was killed so quickly that I don't know that he knew what ailed him."

"What?" Did Amelia kill one of 'em?" a married woman asked.

"Yes, she did, and I think the shot saved my life, too."

The old guide put out a strong guard all round the camp, and informed the women that they need not have any fears of an attack during the night, which had the effect to quiet them, so that they managed to get some sleep. It was determined to stop there several days to let the stock recuperate, as grass and water could be had there in abundance. Early next morning Buffalo Bill and Tom started out in quest of game at least half an hour before sunrise.

"How about the buffalos we killed yesterday?" Tom asked. "They are good enough food yet, I guess."

"I guess not," said Buffalo Bill, smiling.

"Why not? Does meat spoil so quickly out here?"

"You could find nothing but hair and bones where they fell," replied the scout. "The coyotes never leave anything behind that can be devoured. Hark!"

The two hunters came to a dead halt, and Buffalo Bill listened with the keenest interest to a slight noise in the timber near the banks of the creek

"There's game in there," he said, after a pause of some moments.

"What kind?"

Buffalo Bill made a sign of silence, and Tom kept still.

Suddenly the great scout said:

"A couple of bears in there," and he sprang from his horse and turned him loose, saying to Tom:

"Come on, we must have some bear meat."

Tom dismounted, and grasped his gun for any emergency that might turn up.

They crept into the forest and made their way toward the creek, where they found two big black bears feeding on berries. They were breaking the limbs off the bushes to get at the berries, which was the noise Buffalo Bill heard and recognized.

The two bears heard the hunters just as they were discovered, and were disposed to resent the intrusion.

"Take the one on the right," said Buffalo Bill, aiming at the other one and firing.

Tom did so, and the result was that while one bear was killed instantly, the other was wounded to madness.

Tom's bear went at him with a growl of pain and rage, and ere he could fire his gun again the beast had knocked it from his hands and caught him in his arms for a deadly hug.

It was done so quickly that Tom hardly knew what had happened ere he felt the squeeze.

Then he yelled:

"Ugh! Oh, Lord!"

Buffalo Bill uttered an exclamation and thrust the muzzle of his rifle into the bear's mouth.

He pulled the trigger, and the bear released Tom to see what was the matter with his head. Half his head was blown off, and he rolled over and over like a dog with his head in a pail, vainly trying to get it out.

"That was a pretty tight place to be in, Hayes," Cody remarked.

"Yes, indeed. It was done so quickly that I really don't know how it happened."

"Go out in the open there and signal for the provision wagon."

Tom did so, and in half an hour or so the two bears were skinned and cut up, ready to be shipped back to the camp.

Buffalo Bill and Tom decided to go still further up the stream, in hopes of securing larger game, as the supply of fresh meat was very low in the camp at the time.

On the way up they found the camp where Yellow Bear and his band stopped the night before.

"They were a sick crowd, I guess," remarked Tom.

"Yes, for many of them were wounded very badly, and among the redskins a wounded man receives no sympathy. They think it a weakness to show any sympathy for one's sufferings."

"They ought to be wiped off the face of the earth," remarked Tom.

"Oh, you are changing your views, I see," and Buffalo Bill laughed as he made the remark. "You didn't want to kill anybody at all when I first met you. Now you want to kill all the redmen in the West."

"I weaken," said Tom, laughing. "They have

made me think that the only good Indians are dead ones."

"Ah! I see some buffalo out there—some miles away, though," said the great scout. "I guess we had better go for them."

They started out, and as they approached the big black, shaggy monsters, Tom saw that they were considerably scattered about, browsing on the rich, succulent grass.

"I will ride around on the south side of them," said Buffalo Bill, "and when you bring down one they'll rush in my direction, and I'll see if I can get two of them. Take good aim at the eye, and if you can get a bullet in his brain the biggest old bull among them will have to succumb."

The great scout rode off on a detour to the south of the scattered herd, and Tom moved a little northward.

By and by the two were more than two miles apart. Tom rode cautiously toward a big fellow who was browsing with his head deep down in the grass, little thinking of the danger that was creeping upon him.

CHAPTER VI.—Tom's Peril and Gallant Fight.

As Tom rode forward, he saw a buffalo creeping along in the grass which seemed to be a buffalo calf. But the calf was not eating. He seemed to be more intent on watching the big bull buffalo a little distance away from him.

"I don't want that confounded calf," said Tom; "but he is right in my way. I can't get close enough to see that old fellow's eyes without giving that calf the alarm, and that would stampede the herd ere I could get a shot. Ah! That big fellow is looking at me now! I believe I can hit his eye from here. Whoa, Prince—steady, now!"

Tom raised his rifle and took deliberate aim.

He fired, and the big brute staggered to his knees—rose to his feet, and ran a little distance, and then went down.

"That got him! Hooray!" and Tom rode forward to get another shot if possible, for the entire herd bolted off in the direction of Buffalo Bill.

But the calf Tom had noticed didn't run with the herd, and Tom was about to fire at it as the next best thing he could do, when a startling transformation took place.

The buffalo head tumbled to the ground, and a stalwart Indian, gun in hand, remained in his place.

Tom glared at him, and the Indian returned his gaze with interest.

"Ugh! Paleface run 'em all away. Injun no git buffalo meat."

Tom looked around and saw five other redskins who had been stalking under buffalo heads and skins, and seemed to realize that he was in a pretty tight place again—five or six redskins around him and assistance two miles away.

The other five were coming toward him, and the one near him seemed to be in a bad humor.

The six Indians came up, and going toward them, Tom sang out:

"How do?"

"Ugh! How!" they responded, closing around him.

"Kill any buffalo?" he asked.

"Ugh! Paleface heap big fool. Run all buffaloes

away," replied one of the redskins, seizing the bit while another reached for his gun.

"Let go that gun!" he said, sternly.

"Ugh! Paleface go with Injun," said the redskin holding on to the barrel of the rifle with both hands.

Tom thought it would never do to let them disarm him. He saw that Buffalo Bill was coming toward him at full speed, so he resolved to retain his weapon at all hazards.

But the redskin who had hold of it was just as determined to possess himself of it as Tom was to retain it.

He tried to pull the gun out of Tom's grasp, and the latter saw that a fight for the possession of it was inevitable.

Another redskin was standing behind the one who had hold of the rifle barrel, and the thought flashed through Tom's mind that he could dispose of both of them with one shot, and that under the surprise which followed he would be able to make his escape.

He jerked the muzzle of the gun around so as to bring it within a foot of the redskin's breast, and then pulled the trigger.

Both Indians went down dead as smoked herrings, and the other four were utterly dumfounded at the sight of two of their number going down at one shot, and ere they could recover their wits Tom gave the one who held his horse's bit a similar dose, and then dashed away like the wind, followed by a shower of bullets from the other three.

But as he had lain down on his horse's neck as he dashed away he was unharmed, save by the scratch of a bullet on his right shoulder, which did not do more than raise a blister.

The three redskins uttered howls expressive of both rage and defiance. But ere they could reload their guns Tom was out of range and speeding to meet Buffalo Bill as fast as the gallant steed under him could take him.

Buffalo Bill met him, and said:

"You downed three of them, my boy! Come, let's go back and see what they want of you."

Tom wheeled his horse round and went back with the famous scout.

"It's the funniest thing I ever saw," Tom said laughing. "I never saw a single redskin till I shot a buffalo, and then six of them who had been creeping toward them with buffalo heads and skins on their shoulders, dropped their disguises and turned on me."

"Yes, they stalk that way in order to get up close enough to pick out the best in the herd. They wanted to take you along with them, did they?"

"Yes; and one tried to pull my gun away from me. I pulled the trigger, and the bullet went through two of them."

"Good! Well done! Just look at 'em hiding in the grass now. They will try to pick us off as we ride up."

"They might do it, too," remarked Tom.

Buffalo Bill laughed and said:

"I'll show 'em a trick worth two of that," and he dismounted and began creeping through the grass.

"What must I do?" Tom asked.

"Keep a lookout for them. If they rise up look for me to give them a bullet."

Tom rode forward so as to keep just out of

reach of their bullets and so kept up a sharp lookout.

The Indians were quite eager to get a shot at Tom, who was very conspicuous on horseback.

Suddenly they rose up and fired at him. "Now at 'em before they can reload!" cried Buffalo Bill, rising up and rushing for his horse again.

Tom put spurs to his horse and dashed forward, firing as he went.

One of the reds was hit and went down. The other two still trying to load their guns, stood up straight as if disdaining to make any effort to save themselves.

Buffalo Bill reached them, and sprang from his horse right in their midst.

He shot one down with his revolver, and then grappled with the other one, who had rammed home his ball, and was now trying to shoot him.

Buffalo Bill gave him one on the cheek straight from the shoulder, knocking him flat on his back in the grass.

The redskin rose to his feet with his knife in his hand, and made for his assailant to carve him up.

Buffalo Bill gave him another that sent him rolling in the grass again, with a million stars dancing before his eyes.

In the meantime, Tom, who was an expert boxer, had followed the example of Cody, and tackled the remaining redskin in the same way.

He succeeded in disarming him and then he had him at his mercy. He danced around the helpless redskin like a French dancing master, raining thumping whacks upon his face, neck and cheeks.

At last both redskins refused to get up when downed, and Tom resorted to kicking to give his man a little more punishment.

Suddenly both redskins sprang up and gave fierce and defiant war whoops, to the very great amazement of the scout and his young companion.

Buffalo Bill looked around and saw a band of a score or more redskins coming down upon them at full speed.

Then he understood why the defiant war whoops were given. The redskins, with their ears close to the ground, had heard the sound of the rush of horses hoofs.

"Come, Tom," said Buffalo Bill. "We must mount and away."

They sprang for their horses.

The two bruised and battered redskins undertook to prevent them from getting away by seizing the bits and detaining them.

Buffalo Bill was always equal to an emergency of that kind. He drew his revolver and laid out the two redskins without a moment's hesitation, and then sprang into the saddle.

Tom was but a moment behind him, and when both were firmly seated in the saddle, they wheeled and faced the oncoming redskins as calmly as if they were long expected friends instead of enemies.

"We'll give them a few bullets till they get us in range, and then we'll run for it," said the great scout. "Now, let 'em have it! Take good aim."

They both fired, and two of the newcomers were hit. One tumbled from his pony, but the others came on, yelling like human tigers.

"Give 'em another!"

Crack! Crack!

Two more were hit.

"Now come away!"

They dashed away at full speed, but in another moment Tom's horse stumbled and threw him headlong from his seat.

CHAPTER VII.—Buffalo Bill Rescues Tom.

Tom was partially stunned by the fall, and lay motionless on the grass until Buffalo Bill sprang from his horse and knelt by his side and asked:

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Eh? Eh?" replied Tom, trying to raise himself up and pull his wits together.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?" and the scout shook him vigorously. "Come, get up, my boy. The redskins are coming and will soon be down on us."

"Eh? Whatcher say?"

Poor Tom was pretty badly broken up, and hardly knew what had happened to him. Cody shook him again and again, and called to him.

Fully twenty redskins were coming down upon them like a whirlwind, and in just a couple of minutes more they would be all around them.

To stand and fight them out in the open prairie would be worse than madness. It would result in the sacrifice of both lives.

"Time is short," he said. "I'll see if I can get him away."

He gathered Tom up in his arms and threw him across the pommel of his saddle, and then mounted, knowing that Tom's horse would follow.

He put spurs to his horse and dashed away, Prince following close at his heels, while the redskins yelled like demons and sent a shower of bullets after him.

But the double load was a heavy one for any horse, and the splendid animal soon found it so.

He began to show signs of weariness, and the bullets of the pursuers fell about him. One spent ball struck the scout on the shoulder and stung him like a hornet.

"This is getting warm, Tom, old fellow," he said, "hurry up and help me trounce those redskins."

The severe jolting of the ride had shaken Tom up to such a degree that he was now trying to get up.

His faithful horse had followed Buffalo Bill's, and was even abreast with him when a spent ball struck him.

He pranced around lively, and ran up against his young master with such force as to completely recall him to himself.

"I'm all right now," said Tom. "Where's my horse?"

"There he is," said Buffalo Bill. "And your rifle is strapped to your shoulder all right."

The scout stopped and let Tom drop to his feet.

The latter whistled to Prince, who came bounding to his side, while Buffalo Bill wheeled round and aimed at the foremost of the pursuers and fired.

The savage gave a yell and tumbled headlong to the ground.

"Let's get a little farther away," suggested Cody. "They are too many for us yet."

They urged their horses still more, and the gallant steeds were equal to the emergency.

"They will not dare to follow us to the train," remarked Tom.

"No. The train is but three miles away now. They will turn back soon. All they are after now is to get near enough to get a dead shot at us."

Buffalo Bill was right. Nearly half of the score of redskins who started in the pursuit were down. The survivors were thirsting for vengeance, and were not willing to give up the chase without having brought down at least one of the daring white men. But they saw a party of men ride out from the train to meet the two fugitives, and knew then that their hopes were doomed to destruction. They gave a parting shot, and uttered defiant yells just before turning away.

"Ah! They give it up," said Buffalo Bill, the moment he heard the yell. "They give it up as a bad job, and now it's our turn. Our rifles can reach them when theirs cannot get us. Come, let's give 'em a taste of war."

Buffalo Bill wheeled around, and started in pursuit of the redskins, giving them shot after shot from his repeating rifle. Tom joined in with him, and now the shots were much more effective than when he was retreating. The redskins saw that now the tables were turned, and that the superior range of the white man's gun was proving fatal to them. They redoubled their efforts to get out of range, but were not able to do so because the palefaces' horses were of better stock than their ponies.

"Give it to 'em!" cried Buffalo Bill. "They had no mercy on us, and now we'll not have any on them."

They picked off three of them, and then the terrified redskins uttered howls of dismay and scattered, every one going off by himself.

Buffalo Bill laughed, and said:

"That's their regular game when crowded. It works well, too, for if we pursue one the others succeed in getting away."

"Well, let 'em go," said Tom. "We've downed over half of them, and that's glory enough for one day."

"I guess you are right," replied Buffalo Bill, coming to a stop. "We can get their arms and stock."

The reinforcements from the wagon train in camp came up, and congratulations were the order of the moment.

"Yes, it was a tight place for us for a little while," said Buffalo Bill, "but our guns carry so much further than theirs that it's always bad business for them to tackle us out on the prairie. As long as we keep out of range of their guns we can down them as long as they follow us. It's something they don't seem to understand. It puzzles them, and as long as we are in sight and they greatly outnumber us they will make desperate efforts to get at us. We have downed some sixteen or eighteen, as we settled six of them before that crowd came down on us. Signal to the provision wagon to come up, for we have three dead buffaloes out there, and we want the rifles and horses of the dead rascals."

The provision wagon soon came up to them, and they proceeded back over the line of retreat, picking up the arms of those who had fallen on the way, and securing four of the riderless ponies.

They got the meat of the buffaloes which had been killed, and having secured seventeen rifles and other small arms, leaving four wounded Indians lying where they had fallen, they returned to the camp to receive the congratulations of everybody there.

"B'ars 'n rattlers, Bill," said old Kall, "it wur ther best runnin' fight I ever seed."

"And a hot one, too, old man," said the great scout. "They hit us several times, but we were too far away to get the full benefit of their good intentions. The Sioux are on the war path, and if the cavalry does not get around this way soon I fear that a good many emigrants will suffer at their hands. My, how I wish I had a thousand mounted men, with full leave to do as I pleased! I'd soon teach the red rascals a lesson that would last them till the sun went down in eternity."

CHAPTER VIII.—The Friendly Blackfeet.

The three buffaloes furnished all the fresh meat needed in camp for two or three days. During that time the stock recuperated on the rich, succulent grass and recruited their wasted strength to a wonderful degree.

But a little before sunset, just after they had brought in the meat a large party of Indians appeared in sight and made straight for the camp.

When almost within gunshot range of the band Buffalo Bill said:

"They are not Sioux. They are Blackfeet, and I believe the two tribes are at war with each other."

"But are they at war with us?" Tom asked.

"No, they are at peace with the whites at present. I am not afraid of them. Come on. Let's ride up and greet them."

Buffalo Bill did not wait to see how Tom relished the idea, but put spurs to his horse and dashed away. Tom followed, and in a couple of minutes more the great scout was shaking hands with Big Horse, the chief of the Blackfeet Indians.

Turning to Tom, he said:

"Tom, this is Big Horse, the great chief of the Blackfeet Indians. He is a great warrior, and the friend of the white people."

Tom shook hands with the ugliest old redskin he had ever seen in all his life, and said:

"I am glad to see the great chief. He is the handsomest man I ever saw."

Buffalo Bill came near exploding. But the old chief took it all in good faith, and was more than pleased with the remarks of the young man.

"I am glad to see you, chief," said Buffalo Bill. "We had a fight with the Sioux dogs the other day and gave 'em a good thrashing. If the Blackfeet warriors had been there not one of the dogs would have gotten away."

"Ugh! Blackfeet warriors take Sioux scalps all the time," said the scarred, ugly old savage.

"Yes. The Sioux are afraid of the Blackfeet warriors. I've a fine rifle and tomahawk which I will give to the great Blackfeet chief. Let the Blackfeet warriors make a camp over there by the stream and I will send over some meat for them. The great chief will then visit our camp, where the white men will be glad to look upon him and smoke the pipe with him."

The chief told his warriors to make a camp at the spot where Buffalo Bill had suggested, and then rode forward with the great scout and Tom to the camp, where the emigrants and wagonmen looked at him in astonishment. Tom slipped around to some of the women, and explained that they were a band of friendly Indians, and that they had nothing to fear from them. Buffalo Bill knew that old John Kall knew the Blackfeet as well as he did, and therefore did not take the trouble to make any explanation to him. The old guide at once put a double line of guards all around the camp, with strict instructions not to let any redskins in without orders from him or Buffalo Bill. Big Horse was quite an old man, and ugly as sin. The women crowded around to look at him, and the expressions of horror on their faces he took to be amazement at his wonderful prowess as a warrior, imposing appearance and great fame. Buffalo Bill presented him with a rifle, bullet pouch, tomahawk and scalping knife which he had taken from a dead Sioux warrior. The old chief was wonderfully pleased at the gifts, and still more so when the four quarters of a big fat buffalo were sent over to his camp. He did not return to his camp at all during the night, but remained with the whites feasting on the good things with which they supplied him. Old Big Horse remained in camp all night, lying on a blanket offered by old Kall, snoring outrageously after he went to sleep. Buffalo Bill was up the greater part of the night going round among the guards to caution them against using violence against any prowling redskins.

"Just keep 'em from crossing the line," he said. "Let 'em see that you are here to guard the camp, and that no one can come in except by permission of the white chief."

Several warriors came prowling around during the night, gazing hungrily at the wagons. But they made no efforts to cross the line, for they knew that it would not be allowed. Yet Buffalo Bill and old John Kall felt greatly relieved when morning came and no trouble had resulted from the proximity of the Indians. They congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and then wished the redskins would move on. But after breakfast they looked in vain for any signs of moving. The unwelcome neighbors seemed content to remain there as long as the whites were hospitable enough to supply them with meat.

"B'ars 'n rattlers," said old Kall, when he tumbled to the game, "we ain't runnin' no hotel."

"No," said Buffalo Bill, "and I didn't contract to keep a hundred lazy redskins in meat. This thing has got to stop right here."

"But we don't want no trouble, Bill," said old Kall, shaking his head. "I reckon we'd better stand it one more day, an' then move on."

"Yes—we move to-morrow as the sun rises," said the scout. "But you want to keep up the best line of guards you ever put out in your life, old man."

They sent more meat to the Blackfeet's camp, and kept up friendly relations with their ugly old chief. But the women and children in the camp were very nervous about them, and would hardly venture away from the wagons during the day. Just as the sun was sinking out of sight in the western horizon a large party of Sioux appeared, coming up from the south. The Blackfeet im-

mediately prepared for battle, and the whites blessed their stars that the redskins were on hand at the moment.

CHAPTER IX.—Greek Meets Greek in The Tug Of War—The Missing Girl.

The sight of the war-like Sioux as they came dashing over the prairie was calculated to strike terror in the hearts of the timid. They seemed to be about one hundred strong—about the same strength as the Blackfeet under Big Horse. But Buffalo Bill and old Kall knew that the Sioux were better fighters than the Blackfeet, and so they resolved to help the latter, and thus save themselves the trouble of having to fight the victorious party afterward. By the time the Sioux were within a mile of the camp, the Blackfeet, under their war-like old chief, started out to meet them. Their presence seemed to be a surprise to the Sioux, who had seen nothing but the white covers of the wagons up to that moment. But now that they had their hated enemies before them they uttered piercing war whoops, and charged like a whirlwind upon them. The Blackfeet gave them a volley that emptied a dozen saddles. But that did not stop the headlong charge. It only served to madden them, for they yelled all the more, and rushed in for a hand-to-hand fight. Buffalo Bill and about fifty whites of the train suddenly opened a withering fire on them, and emptied so many saddles that the Blackfeet largely outnumbered them when they came together. Yet the shock was terrific when they came together, and the fierce combatants made the welkin ring with their shouts and yells.

"Pick off the Sioux!" cried Buffalo Bill to his men. "Take good aim, and don't hit any of the Blackfeet."

They fought like human tigers till the stars came out and the twilight deepened into the sombre shadows of night. Then the Sioux began to waver. Their ranks had been so decimated by the rifles of the whites that they were no match for the superior numbers of the Blackfeet. Big Horse fought like the brave old warrior he was, and performed many feats of valor that were highly creditable to him. But, strange to say, the wily Sioux in retreating made a dash toward the camp of the wagon train, as if intending either to seek refuge there, or else to stampede the stock. The sudden danger came upon them like a flash, and for the moment the whites were puzzled over it.

"Back to the wagons!" cried Buffalo Bill, and the whole party of whites broke into a run.

The Sioux thought they were flying in terror from them and made the welkin ring with their yells. The victorious Blackfeet rushed pell mell after them, and so in a few minutes the combatants were right in among the wagons yelling like demons and shooting and cutting like pirates. The women and children, in a panic of terror, added their screams to the din, and the shouts of the whites told that they were also in the fight for all they were worth. The Sioux were whipped, but they did all the damage they could in their retreat toward the timber back of the camp. But the Blackfeet warriors were inveterate thieves and plunderers. Instead of following up the

Sioux and dealing sturdy blows at their ancient enemies, they took advantage of the terror that prevailed among the women and children in the wagons, to rob and plunder all they could. In one of the wagons were a mother and two young girls. One of the girls was a beautiful blonde of seventeen. In her terror, when two Blackfeet warriors climbed into the wagon at the rear end, she went out at the front, only to fall into the clutches of a stalwart warrior on horseback, who seized her round the waist and lifted her to the back of his horse. Sarah Baird was so terrified that she swooned away to utter unconsciousness as the warrior dashed away in the darkness of the night. The screams of her mother and sister but added to the din all around them. They did not know that she had been carried away, but supposed that she had fled to some other wagon for protection. By the gallant efforts of Buffalo Bill and the men under him the redskins were driven out of camp, and the guard line re-established. It was at least an hour later when the discovery was made that Sarah Baird was not in the camp. A search was made from wagon to wagon, and no one was found who had seen anything of her. Then it was that old John Kall showed the fierce nature of his temper when aroused. He made a search in person, and found out enough to convince him that the Sioux were not the abductors of the young girl.

"B'rs 'n rattlers!" he exclaimed. "If they don't bring her back I'll make 'em think all creation has gone back on 'em!"

By and by Big Horse came to the guard line and wanted to come in. The guard halted him till the old guide came up.

"Yes, let 'im in," said Kall, and the old chief came forward with five fresh scalps hanging to his belt.

"Big Horse," said the old guide to the chief, "some of your warriors have run off with one of our girls. If she is not brought back, I'll cut your ears off an' skulp yer alive. Do yer understand that?"

"Ugh!" grunted the old chief. "Big Horse great chief. Paleface talk like fool."

Old John signaled to five men to stand guard over him, and in a moment the old chief found himself a prisoner.

"Tell your men ter bring her back," said the old guide. "If they don't I'll make coyote bait outen yer as sure as ther sun rises ter-morrer."

"Sioux dogs take her away," said the Blackfeet chief.

"No, Blackfeet warriors take her," and the old guide was as firm as the hills in his determination to hold him as a hostage.

In the meantime, Buffalo Bill and Tom Hayes had left the camp to go among the Blackfeet warriors in the darkness. They soon learned that Young Eagle, the son of Big Horse, and a party of a dozen warriors had left the band and gone northward.

"Come on, Tom," Buffalo Bill said to young Hayes, "we'll get our horses and make a run for it for an hour or two."

Tom never questioned the wisdom of anything Buffalo Bill suggested, but obeyed every order as though he were in the military service. They went back and got their horses and quietly left the camp.

They will go up the east side of this timber," said Bill, "and if we keep a sharp look out we'll see their camp fire somewhere."

Then he added:

"Come, we want to stand away at least a quarter mile from the timber."

They did so, and rode till midnight, when they saw a small camp fire in the edge of the timber and made for it. As they approached it they beheld a sight that made their blood run cold in their veins and their hair stand on end.

CHAPTER X.—The Death Of Young Eagle— The Rescue.

On nearing the camp fire in the edge of the timber Buffalo Bill and Tom dismounted and left their horses out on the prairie, knowing that they would come to them on hearing their signals. Then they crept up near enough to see what was going on, and the scene that greeted them was one they could never forget. Seated on a log, with her hands and feet bound, was Sarah Baird, her pale, golden hair falling in wavelets down to her waist. Tears streamed down her pallid face, and the utmost despair seemed to have settled upon her soul. Bound to a huge cottonwood tree some twenty feet away from the little camp fire was a white man, who proved to be a renegade—a desperado, who had joined the Sioux three years before to avoid lynching at the hands of the white settlers on Platte River, for horse stealing. Buffalo Bill recognized him at a glance, notwithstanding a partial concealment of his features by Sioux war paint. His captors had washed some of the paint away, thus revealing his identity as a white man. He was stripped to the waist, and the captors were no others than Young Eagle, the son of Big Horse, and a small band of Blackfeet warriors. It was soon evident that the Blackfeet intended to torture their prisoner to death, for of all things in the world an Indian most despises the white renegade is the first. The torture had commenced a little while before Buffalo Bill and Tom arrived. A big Blackfeet warrior was amusing himself and his comrades by touching him here and there with the burning end of a stick. He squirmed and groaned each time the glowing end of the stick touched, and then blurted out:

"Kill me, you cowardly imps! I've scalped fifty Blackfeet dogs! Kill me! Kill me! I defy you!"

"Ugh! Paleface Sioux in a heap big hurry," said the Blackfeet demon with the burning stick, touching him again till he howled with the pain.

"Why don't you shoot 'em down?" Tom Hayes asked of Buffalo Bill in a whisper.

"Because I do not care to save that fellow's life," replied the scout. "He is a renegade who fought with the Sioux to-night. He must have been captured down by the wagon train. I am going forward and demand that girl of Young Eagle. Come on."

To Tom's great surprise, Buffalo Bill stalked forward toward the little camp fire. He could do nothing less than follow, and follow he did. On hearing footsteps, every warrior sprang to his feet and grasped his rifle. But Buffalo Bill boldly approached Young Eagle, and every warrior

recognized him as he came within the light of the camp.

"Young Eagle, son of the great chief Big Horse," said the scout, "I have come for the maiden who sits there on the log."

Sarah Baird uttered a cry of joy, and cried out a moment later:

"Save me, Buffalo Bill! Save me! Save me!"

Buffalo Bill drew his knife and walked over to where she was seated on the log, and cut the thongs that bound her hands and feet.

"Thank heaven," she cried, springing to her feet.

Young Eagle gave a shrill whoop, and every warrior answered him, crowding around the bold scout and the young girl.

"The maiden shall not go," said the young chief. "She belongs to me. I took her from a Sioux chief, and his scalp came with her."

"The young chief lies," said Sarah. "He took me away from the camp himself."

"The maiden's tongue is crooked," returned the young chief.

"It is your tongue that is crooked," said Buffalo Bill. "You took her away yourself. If I do not bring her back before daylight Big Horse dies at sunrise. He is held as a hostage for her."

Young Eagle was stunned by the words of the daring scout. He was silent for a whole minute, whereupon Buffalo Bill added:

"And the army of the white people will sweep every Blackfeet warrior from the face of the earth."

"If Big Horse dies, Young Eagle will be chief in his stead, and he will declare war with the whites and peace with the Sioux," and the ambitious young chief seemed to be pleased at the idea of becoming head of the tribe, and all the warriors grunted approbation.

"Young Eagle is a fool!" replied Buffalo Bill. "He would be sent to his grave in short order. The white soldiers would destroy his tribe as he can destroy a worm with his heel. Will you give up the maiden?"

"No!" was the blunt reply of the young chief.

"Then I will go back and tell Big Horse that Young Eagle has doomed him to die."

"Young Eagle will declare war against all pale-faces," said the young chief, as Buffalo Bill stalked away, followed by Tom.

"So be it. You shall have war to your heart's content," returned the scout.

In another moment they were out of sight in the darkness, and a wail of despair came to them from Sarah Baird as she sank to the ground in a death-like swoon.

"Heavens!" groaned Tom. "It's awful to leave her to such a fate."

"I am not going to leave her, Tom, my boy," said Bill. "There are eleven warriors there. We have six charges each in our rifles. If we fire quickly we can down the whole band ere they can get away from the light of that camp fire."

"Yes, so we can," returned Tom, who was willing to run any sort of risk to rescue the young girl.

They both wheeled round and took aim at the redskins.

"One, two, three!" said the scout, and two shots broke the stillness of the midnight air.

Young Eagle was the first to fall, and a stal-

wart warrior fell almost on top of him. Crack! Crack! Six of the eleven warriors went down with lead in their bodies, and the redskins were so bewildered that they did not know which way to turn. Crack! Crack! Only three remained now, and they had the wit to plunge into the woods and disappear from sight.

"Stay here and watch," said Buffalo Bill to Tom, as he darted forward and caught up the still unconscious form of the young girl.

The next moment he darted back into the darkness of the night.

"Cut me loose, Bill Cody," cried the renegade. "Cut me loose, and I'll help you fight redskins as long as I live!"

Buffalo Bill made no reply, but bore the young girl away toward his horse.

"Come, Tom," he said. "We can go back to camp now."

They signaled to their horses, and the faithful animals came running up to them at full speed. In another moment they were in the saddle and going south toward the wagon camp. They reached there a little before daynight and found Big Horse still a prisoner. The old chief was evidently greatly relieved when he saw that the missing girl had been returned.

"Young Eagle had her," said Buffalo Bill to him. "He is now dead, and the maiden is here. Big Horse may go to his people now."

On hearing of the death of his son Big Horse slunk away to his own camp and was not seen for the rest of the day.

Next day old Kall led the wagon train across the prairie to a small stream, where camp was again made. Here there came during the day a force of cavalry under Major Reno, who had been following the Sioux and his force was completely tired out. The cavalry remained for a while to rest up and when they were about to leave Major Reno tried to induce Buffalo Bill to accompany him. But the scout told the Major that he was bound to stick by the emigrant train until it was safely on its way. But it was agreed that as soon as the train reached the hills of New Mexico Cody was to join Reno's command, and Tom was to go with him.

CHAPTER XI.—With the Cavalry.

The train remained two days at the stream, during which time the stock rapidly recuperated from the fatigue of the long trip.

Then they resumed their journey, the cavalry remaining there to let their horses entirely recover their strength, and wait for the return of Buffalo Bill.

It was but a few day's journey from there to the hills of New Mexico, where settlements of Mexicans and whites made the presence of the scout unnecessary.

There were no Indians on that side of the stream, and so the apprehensions of the emigrants were no longer excited.

At last the time came when the scout and young Hayes were to leave them and return to join the cavalry.

The young girl who had passed through such peril with Tom Hayes sought him out, and said:

"They tell me that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes," he replied. "I am going with Buffalo Bill to help him scout for the cavalry."

"Will I ever see you again?"

"I really can't say, but I shall indulge the hope that I shall some day have the pleasure of meeting you."

"So shall I. I want you to promise me that if you ever come to New Mexico that you will hunt me up, for I shall always remember you with gratitude that will last as long as life itself."

"I will make that promise, and shall do more. I'll even promise that, if ever in my power to do so, I'll come and hunt you up for the pleasure of seeing your face and hearing your voice."

"You will?"

"Yes."

She seemed happy, and shook his hand with both of hers, saying:

"Then I shall wait and watch for your coming."

The entire train gave them a grand send-off as they rode away.

"Now, my boy," said the great scout, "we are going on a dangerous mission, where we will have all the fighting, dodging and hard riding that we can attend to."

"Just what I want," said Tom, laughing. "I am not anxious to fight particularly, but I do want excitement and chance to see life on the plains just as it is."

"Well, you've seen a little of it already, have you not?"

"Yes, just enough to make me like it," was the reply.

"Well, you haven't seen anything yet. Just wait till you have a whole tribe of redskins bent on having your scalp, and surrounding you on all sides, then you'll begin to think it interesting and lively."

"Well, if we are together you can count on me standing right up to the mark with you all the time," said Tom.

"Ah, I am satisfied with you. Tom. By the way, you sometimes call me Mr. Cody. I am plain Bill Cody to my friends. Don't forget that. There is no man whose friendship I value more than yours. You have been with me in some hot work, and you never flinched. You are made of the stuff I like. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think I do," replied Tom, "and I'd rather hear that from you than all the praise the President of the United State could heap upon me."

Buffalo Bill quietly extended his hand to him, and the next moment a silent hand-shake expressed more than words could have done what their feelings toward each other were.

It was a long ride back to the spot where Major Reno's command was encamped.

Their first night was spent on the open prairie. They turned their horses loose, knowing they would not leave them, but would come at their call, and then lay down on their blankets under silent stars to sleep.

They slept without interruption till the stars began to fade away, and then mounted and resumed their journey.

All day long they rode without seeing on all that immense expanse of prairie a single human being other than themselves. Here and there they saw a few buffaloes feeding on the rich, succulent grass, and the more timid deer were seen in the distance

They spent the second night as they did the first, and were off before daylight on the third morning.

When the sun sank down behind the western horizon again they were in sight of the timber where the cavalry was waiting for them. Three hours later they rode into the camp, and were received with cheers by the officers and men.

"Our stock is in prime condition, Cody," said the major, "and we are ready to take the field again. All we want is for you to find the enemy for us, and the best way to get at him. You are the only man who can do that."

"Give me two days to rest my horse, and then I'll see what I can do," said Buffalo Bill.

"I am going to move northward to-morrow by slow marches. Your horse will not suffer any by it," said the major.

"Very well. We will go along with you."

The next morning the command moved, and Buffalo Bill moved with it. Tom was regarded by the soldiers as a man who must be a good fighter, else Buffalo Bill would not have him with him, and they treated him accordingly.

Tom got acquainted with all the officers of the command, and they soon took a liking to him.

At the end of several days Buffalo Bill found the trail of a big band of Sioux, and Major Reno decided to go into camp in the timber till the scouts could locate them and find a way to get at them.

Buffalo Bill and Tom Hayes set out on the trail of the band, and followed it for three days. At the end of that time they made the discovery that they were concentrating in the foot-hills, as they were called, for the purpose of striking a blow somewhere.

"We must now go back," said Cody to Tom, "and get Reno's command up here in the night, and made an attack on them."

"Yes," said Tom. "That strikes me as being the best thing to do."

"Come away, then."

They turned to slip away, only to find that another band was coming up, thus inclosing them, and cutting off any hope of retreat whatever.

CHAPTER XII.—Tom and the Sioux Maiden.

The situation was an appalling one, and Buffalo Bill was conscious of its gravity.

This second party was coming up the pass that ran between two ranges of hills, hence the only hope of escape lay in the possibility of concealment in the hills until the shadows of night would enable them to pass beyond them.

"Come, quick," said Cody in low tones, making a dash for the bushes on the hillside. "We must take the only chance offered us."

Tom was right behind him, and in a few minutes they were climbing the range of hills under the protection of the bushes.

But they had not gone two hundred yards ere a new danger confronted them. It was so entirely unexpected that even Buffalo Bill was undecided what course to pursue for a moment or two.

The danger was the meeting of a young Indian warrior and a pretty Sioux maiden.

The young warrior was evidently courting the

maiden in the rude style of his race. But he was so thunderstruck at the sudden appearance of two palefaces upon the hills that he was dumb for the time being.

"How do, brother," said Buffalo Bill, springing from his horse and quickly advancing upon him with outstretched hand.

The young warrior was undecided what to do, but as the action of the scout savored so much of friendship he reached out to grasp his outstretched hand.

But instead of taking his hand Buffalo Bill gave him a blow that stretched him senseless on the ground.

Quick as a flash the Indian girl darted away into the bushes.

"Catch her, Tom, by all means," said Bill, "or we are lost!" Tom sprang from his horse and darted off in pursuit of the girl.

He ran and overtook her.

"The palefare touches Na-too-la, she will kill him!" she said in very good English.

"The paleface will not harm the maiden," said Tom, "but she shall not go away and send the Sioux warriors for his scalp."

She understood him then, and was about to reply, when a big black bear came out of the bushes behind her and caught her in his arms ere she could get away.

Quick as a flash Tom sprang forward, his long hunting-knife in his hand, and stabbed the brute to the heart.

The bear hurled the maiden from him with a fierce growl, and turned to make his escape into the bushes.

The girl was half stunned, and was not able to pull herself together when Tom went to her.

He lifted her to her feet, and was trying to make her stand up when the bear staggered almost to her feet and fell down in the throes of death.

"The bear can't hurt the maiden now," said Tom.

She looked down at the bear and gave a faint smile.

"The paleface is a great warrior. Na-too-la is glad."

"So am I glad, too," said Tom.

"Don't speak so loud," said Buffalo Bill, coming suddenly upon them. "You will be heard. The maiden must go with us till we are beyond the reach of her people. If she makes an outcry I will still her voice forever."

"('Na-too-la's life is the young paleface's. He 'Gok it from the bear. It is his. I have spoken.')"

than Buffalo Bill turned to Tom and asked:

To "What does this mean?"

so thTom pointed to the dead bear, which was partly concealed in the bushes, saying:

musk "The bear caught her, and I finished him."

knew "Good. She won't go back on us. Come."

as loHe led the way, and the girl followed as quietly dangea lamb. The two horses also followed, and in tered ittle while they entered a gorge that ran down noon e hill toward the south. Half an hour brought came n to a spot where they were surrounded on all The bs by high boulders and thick, tangled growth. strongming to the maiden, Buffalo Bill asked:

mischiOo the Sioux warriors come here?"

"TheO. They go toward that way," pointing in a Buffaloeastern direction, indicating the pass overtakugh which they had seen the second band of

Sioux coming. The scout understood her, and knew that she was telling the truth, for that was the way the pass ran.

"The maiden's tongue is straight," he said. "She is as beautiful as the stars, and full of truth."

She seemed pleased at the speech of the great scout, and then turned her great brown-black eyes upon the bronzed face of the young man who had saved her life from the bear. They waited there till late in the afternoon, and then Buffalo Bill decided to make an attempt to reach the open prairie south of them, and thus get away without their presence having been discovered by the Sioux warriors. Na-too-la went along with them as cheerfully as though she were with her own people, and when they reached the foot of the hills she seemed to rejoice as much as the scouts did.

On the way Tom had been quite attentive to her, offering his services in assisting her over the rough places. To his surprise, though, he found that she was as nimble as a fawn, and sure-footed as a squirrel. She could leap as far as he and far more gracefully. Once when he attempted to make the same leap she had just made he came near falling. She laughed, and said:

"The brave paleface cannot jump like Na-too-la."

"No," he said. "Na-too-la leaps like the young fawn. How did you learn to speak the palefaces' tongue so well?"

She told him that a young white girl had taught her in her father's lodge. The white girl was a captive. She died a year before. Tom thought of the young white captive pining away and dying among the savage Sioux, and hated them more than ever.

"We must mount and go southward, Tom," said Buffalo Bill, "and the girl must go with us."

"Do you hear that?" Tom asked the girl.

"Yes. Na-too-la will go with the young bear slayer," she replied.

A short while after that they started off. They rode all night, and camped in a piece of woods the next day. About noon a large body of cavalry was seen approaching, which turned out to be General Miles' command. Of course the cavalry was delighted to meet such an eminent scout as Buffalo Bill, and experiences were exchanged. Buffalo told the general he was on the way to meet Major Reno. When Miles heard that he sent for Reno. The next day Reno made his appearance. Then Buffalo Bill and Tom departed on a scouting expedition. Toward night they suddenly came upon a party of six redskins, who immediately showed fight. Buffalo Bill and Tom killed two of them and were about to fire at the others when a whole party of redskins appeared over the hill and our friends then turned tail and beat it in the direction of the cavalry, intending to draw them into their clutches.

CHAPTER XIII—The Long Chase—The Challenge.

The chase was a hot one, and the redskins bent all their energies to the task of overtaking the two scouts. They gradually gained on them, till less than one mile lay between them.

"They are gaining on us," said Tom, feeling somewhat uncomfortable over the fact.

"Yes," returned Cody; "but still we are ahead of them."

"But if they keep on gaining we won't be ahead long."

"We can down a few of them if they come within range of our rifles," suggested Buffalo Bill.

"So we can; but I'd rather be ten miles ahead of them. Ten to one makes big odds."

"Yes, that's so. But I have had five hundred after me in full chase, and have my hair yet."

Tom shuddered at the idea of such a peril; but was too game to show any fear as long as Cody did not. By and by Buffalo Bill looked back and said:

"I guess we can reach them from here. Let's wheel around to a full stop and give 'em a few shots."

Tom unswung his rifle and waited for the word. "Now!" said Bill.

They wheeled round and came to a full stop. The Indians yelled as though they already had their fingers in their hair. Crack! Crack! Two warriors toppled from their ponies. Crack! Crack! One warrior and one pony went down. Crack! Crack! No more were hit.

"Come away now!"

They wheeled and rode off like the wind. Their speed was greater than at any time since the pursuit began.

"Put in fresh cartridges," said Cody, doing so himself.

Tom followed his example. Then they rode steadily, keeping just out of range of the Indians' rifles. Thus the running fight went on. The redskins seemed determined not to stop till they had run down the two daring fugitives. The sun was just above the horizon when Buffalo Bill looked back and saw that the pursuers were strung out in a line, the fastest ponies in the lead—the slowest ones being at least half a mile behind.

"Let's down a few more of 'em," he said to Tom.

They wheeled round and came to a full stop. Buffalo Bill took deliberate aim and fired at the foremost pursuer. He went down with a yell.

Buffalo Bill was as cool as ice all the time. But the others coming up in a body, he again turned and rode away. But his horse and that of Tom's were now showing signs of weariness. The Indian ponies were equally bad off. The hardy little animals were not fast, but they were long-winded.

"I am glad night is close at hand," said Tom.

"Yes; we can get away from them as soon as it is dark," said Cody; "but I would like to lead them on to the cavalry camp. I don't want them to go back to the main body."

"There's timber out there."

"Yes. We'll make for that. Maybe they'll camp there, and seek our trail in the morning."

They did not fire at the redskins any more, but pushed on toward the timber. The Sioux followed, but ere the timber was reached the shadows of night had shut out each party from sight of the other.

"Now, we'll push on for General Miles' camp," said Cody, "which can't be more than ten or twelve miles away. They can't see our trail, so they will have to stop and camp somewhere here in the timber. Their ponies are too jaded for them to think of returning before morning."

They rode on till midnight, and then struck the cavalry pickets. Half an hour later Buffalo Bill

was relating his adventures to General Miles. At his suggestion a company was dispatched at once to capture the pursuing party. Buffalo Bill and Tom lay down to sleep, while their jaded horses were groomed and attended to by order of Major Reno himself. When daylight came the whole command moved northward, and at noon came up with the company which had been sent out the night before. The last one of the pursuers was captured at daylight that morning.

From the prisoners it was learned that Yellow Bear was in command of the main body of Sioux, up in the foothills. The cavalry made slow marches till they came within ten miles of the foothills, and there waited for the night to conceal their further movements. Na-too-la, the Sioux maiden, rode alongside of Tom, talking to him all the time. General Miles decided that she would make a good interpreter, and had made up his mind to use her for that purpose if she did not object. Under the protection of darkness General Miles moved up close to the Indian encampment, and prepared to attack them as soon as daylight set in.

But their presence was detected, and Yellow Bear rallied his eight hundred warriors to give battle. When the sun rose General Miles found the Sioux prepared to fight, and so took his time about attacking. Yellow Bear saw Buffalo Bill, and came out between the two armies and dared him to come out and fight him. Buffalo Bill promptly started to meet him, and at once the greatest excitement ensued in the two armies. Tom wanted to go out with him, but Cody told him to stay back.

"Leave him to me," he said. "I owe him a grudge, and now I have a chance to settle," and he boldly strode forward to meet the Sioux chief.

CHAPTER XIV—The Fall of Yellow Bear.

When Yellow Bear saw Buffalo Bill coming toward him, he uttered the fierce war whoop of his tribe, and began to leap about as if to perform the scalp dance. His warriors echoed his war whoop, and the welkin rang with the savage noise as never before since the creation. Buffalo Bill did not utter a word. He hated the chief, and had long wanted the chance to fight him when no one could interfere.

"Ugh! Yellow Bear will take Long Hair's scalp now!" cried the chief, drawing a revolver and firing at Cody.

Buffalo Bill never talked when he had any fighting to do. He drew his revolver and began firing at Yellow Bear as he advanced upon him. Yellow Bear was hit, but he gave a defiant whoop, and fired again as fast as he could. He fired so rapidly that his aim was faulty. Two of the bullets pierced Cody's clothes, whilst three of the scout's bullets struck the chief. They advanced quickly, and when his revolver was empty, Yellow Bear threw it away and drew his tomahawk.

Buffalo Bill drew his knife and rushed upon him. The old chief gave a terrific whoop, and gave him the knife one, two, three times in rapid succession, and the old warrior went down before the superior fighting qualities of the white man. Quick as a flash Buffalo Bill cut and tore the,

scalplock from the dying chief, waved it above his head at the 800 dumfounded warriors, and gave a shout of defiance that was echoed far and wide over the hills.

The next moment General Miles gave the order to charge, and the boys in blue went at them like a thunderbolt. Demoralized by the fall of their chief, the redskins did not make anything like the fight they would have made had Yellow Bear been on hand to lead them. But they stood the charge long enough to let the soldiers get in some of their deadly work. Many a brave warrior went down that day to rise no more. Tom rode forward in the charge and emptied both his revolver and repeating rifle at the struggling savages. Na-too-la rode with him, determined to be near him in the hour of danger.

Many of the soldiers laughed at him on her account, but he told them that she was a brave, good girl, and that she should always be treated as such. When the Indians gave way the battle became a slaughter. The redskins were shot down in every direction. Tom and Buffalo Bill rode after the retreating savages, pounding them unmercifully. The girl kept pretty well up with them. But by and by, when they had gone two miles in the pursuit, Tom missed the girl.

"Where is she, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply of the brave scout. "I guess she is back there somewhere with the soldiers. She knows how to take care of herself, you may depend on that."

They went back over the route they had come since the retreat began, whilst the main body of the cavalry pursued the redskins over the hills. Along the route lay the dead bodies of a number of braves who had fallen in the battle, with here and there a soldier whom a fatal bullet had stopped forever. Suddenly Tom made a startling discovery. He found Na-too-la lying on the ground dead, having been shot through the head.

"Just look at her, Bill!" he said, his eyes filling with tears.

"What a pity!" said Cody. "She was faithful even in death."

Tom found a couple of army blankets, which Buffalo Bill declared were just the things needed for both shroud and coffin. When the rude grave was ready, the officers of the cavalry who were not engaged in the pursuit of the enemy assembled around it to perform the last sad rites for the dead. She was wrapped in the blankets and laid tenderly away to rest under the grand old oak. Tom could not keep back the tears as he thought of the untimely end of the girl.

"Mr. Cody," said the general to Buffalo Bill, "the Indians have been badly broken up. They have scattered in all directions over the hills so that organized pursuit is impossible. Of course, they will all meet again at some point and prepare for more mischief. Some one must follow them up and locate their rendezvous, and I know of but one man who can do that with any degree of accuracy, and you are the one."

"General, you flatter me, but I am willing to do what I can in that direction. My chum, Hayes, will go with me, for, though not yet a man in years, he is game and level-headed."

"Take whom you wish," said the general. "I will move my command out to the stream on the prairie, where grass and water can be had in

quantities needed. You will find us there when you return."

Buffalo Bill returned to Tom and said:

"We are to go out and see where the redskins have gone."

"That means more fun, eh?"

Buffalo Bill laughed and said:

"Some people would call it anything else but fun. But as you came out West in quest of fun, you ought to be allowed to have all you want."

"Of course. When do we start?"

"In an hour or so."

"Are we to go afoot?" Tom asked, in some surprise.

"Yes. We can't ride through the hills as fast as we can walk. Horses are poor climbers, and not good at hiding in the bushes. It's very different from work out on the plains."

They slipped away from the camp and started out over the hills in a northwesterly direction, looking keenly about for signs of Indians. When they spoke it was only in whispers or very low tones, lest some lurking redskin should hear them. They tramped some ten or twelve miles the first day when night overtook them. Buffalo Bill immediately built a big fire against two immense dead trees, which had been felled years before by some terrible cyclone. Tom was astonished. He had heard enough of the dangers of camp fires to make him believe that Buffalo Bill would never be guilty of building one on a scout.

"Isn't it dangerous?" he whispered to the scout.

"It would be dangerous for us to stay here," he replied. "But that is not what we are going to do."

Tom waited till the famous scout was ready to explain. When they had finished their supper Buffalo Bill took up his rifle and stalked away into the bushes, beckoning to Tom to follow him.

CHAPTER XV—The Old Maniac.

When a safe distance from this camp fire, Buffalo Bill turned to Tom, clutched his arm and whispered to him:

"We'll sleep out here in the dark. If any redskins come around they will hang around that fire looking for us. Being in the dark we can see all they do and shape our course accordingly."

Tom saw through the plan at once, and caught on to the good sense of the thing. Buffalo Bill finally suggested to Tom to lie down and sleep, while he kept watch over him and the campfire. Tom stretched himself on the ground, and was soon asleep. How long he slept he did not know. But he was awakened by Cody shaking him. He got up, and was amazed at seeing a score of warriors standing near the burning log in earnest confab over something. Buffalo Bill motioned to him to keep silent, and he looked on the moving scene without uttering a word, but with an interest that can be imagined better than described.

The redskins were searching about the place for some clew as to the origin of the fire, and when something was found to indicate anything they whispered together over it. They were thus engaged when footsteps were heard approaching,

and instantly every warrior held his rifle in readiness for instant use. A minute or two later a tall, gaunt-looking white man stalked up to the camp fire and held out his hands as if to warm them. He was long-haired and heavily bearded—both hair and beard being almost snow-white—and he wore an old, ragged suit of army uniform clothes, an old army hat, a cavalry saber, an army musket and bayonet.

His feet were shoeless, and the right leg of his trousers was torn off at the knee. The Indians seemed to stand in awe of him, for they moved out of his way and let him pass to the camp fire, and then stood still and quiet to gaze at him and watch his movements. This strange spectre—for such it appeared to Tom—stood by the fire for some time, as if utterly unconscious of the presence of the Indians, warming himself. Then he turned slowly around and gazed at the red men.

"You redskins had better hide yourselves," he said, in harsh tones. "The army is coming, and the last one of you will be killed. You roasted my comrade, but the fire wouldn't burn me. Ha! ha! ha! Joel Boyd wouldn't burn! Wouldn't burn! Ha! ha! ha!"

As soon as he heard that maniacal laugh Tom knew that the strange man was demented. The Indians touched their foreheads with their fingers and stood aside in a group as if to look at him. Suddenly a fire coal popped with a report almost like a pistol, and a red-hot cinder struck him on his bare leg. He sprang up as if shot out of a howitzer, and cried out excitedly:

"To arms—to arms! The redskins are upon us! Follow me, comrades!" And he drew the old cavalry saber which hung to his side, and made a charge upon the group of Indians standing there.

They attempted to get out of his way by dispersing as quickly as possible. One warrior was unfortunate. He stumbled over another, and ere he could recover his balance the maniac plunged the saber to the hilt in his back. The warrior gave a death yell, and the maniac drew out the saber and pursued another like an avenging Nemesis. A few minutes later another death yell was heard a quarter of a mile away, showing that the maniac had overtaken another victim.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Buffalo Bill asked of Tom.

"I don't know what to think. The Indians are really afraid of crazy people, then?"

"Yes, and no power on earth could induce one of them to raise his hand against one 'touched by the Great Spirit,' as they say of demented people."

"The white people ought to take him and put him where he can be taken care of."

Buffalo Bill made a sudden sign to Tom to keep silent, for he heard something moving in the bushes not far from the camp fire. Tom heard it, too, and was going to make the sign for silence himself when Cody made it to him. They waited for several minutes to see what would happen next, when Buffalo Bill remarked:

"It's a black bear."

"Sure?" Tom asked.

"Yes. He is out on the left there. I know their movements. He'll come into the light after a while."

By and by a big black bear came out of a clump of bushes and stood in an open, and gazed at the burning logs. Tom was wondering what should be done, when footsteps were again heard, and in a minute or two the lunatic appeared. He glanced around, and saw the bear. To the intense surprise of Tom he advanced upon the bear. The brute uttered a growl, and rose on his hind feet to receive him. Undaunted, the maniac rushed upon the bear, and ran him through with his saber.

The bear uttered another fierce growl, and struck at him with his right forepaw. But the old graybeard leaped nimbly back and drew the saber out with him. In another moment he plunged it through him again—this time through his heart—and again sprang back out of his way. The bear rolled over on the ground, growling and tearing up shrubs, stones and earth in his death agonies, whilst the victor stood by in the attitude of a victor and looked on.

When the bear had ceased struggling and had stretched himself out in death, the maniac proceeded to cut off one of the hams. Taking it near the fire he proceeded to cut off several slices and lay them on some red coals, which he raked out from the fire with a stick. Tom and Buffalo Bill stood there in the bushes inhaling the savory odors of the broiling steaks till they were both savagely hungry. When the steaks were done, the maniac proceeded to devour them with the relish of a man with an appetite but little less than that of a half-starved wolf.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, in a low tone. "I got three of the pesky varmints, an' that makes eighty-one. Nineteen more and I'll be square on my oath."

Buffalo Bill heard every word of the man's talk, and Tom looked up at him as if to see if he had heard aright.

"Wait here till I come back," whispered Cody to him, and then he stalked forward into the glare of the camp-fire.

The old graybeard looked up at him and said: "Bill Cody!"

"Yes. I've been lying in the bushes back there enjoying your circus with the redskins. You play your game well. It's the best thing I ever saw. Keep it up. Wish I could do the same thing."

The old man arose and hoarsely whispered:

"I swore to kill one hundred of 'em. I've wiped out eighty-one. I'll be sane enough when I down nineteen more."

"Good! Keep up your game. You are safe as long as they think you have been touched by the Great Spirit."

The old man resumed eating the bear steaks, and the scout proceeded to broil some for Tom and himself. He signaled for Tom to come forward and eat, which he did.

The old man looked hard at Tom, and remarked:

"Young—too young," and then resumed his eating.

Buffalo Bill told the old man in a few brief words that Tom was old enough to whip his weight in wildcats, and that they were out scouting together in search of the rendezvous of the redskins.

"They're over on Black Creek," whispered the old man.

"Sure?"

"Yes—heard 'em talking."

"Whereabouts?"

"Dunno—heard 'em say they'd go there."

CHAPTER XVI—The Hard Work of the Scouts.

Buffalo Bill knew well enough where Black Creek was. It was a stream that ran through some of the wildest portions of the foothills, and that was inaccessible to cavalry. The creek was about twenty miles long, and then lost itself in the river east of the foothills. The news seemed to make an impression on the famous scout which he could not shake off. To go over to Black Creek would be to penetrate the heart of the Indians' stronghold, where discovery would be sure to result in capture and death.

"You know who I am," said Buffalo Bill to the old man of the gray beard. "Now, give me your name."

"No, not now, but after I have performed my vow," and he laughed that maniacal laugh again, to fool any redskins that might be within hearing distance of him. Buffalo Bill afterward declared that the old man's laugh would have deceived the keeper of any lunatic asylum in the world. It had the maniac ring to it so thoroughly that detection would have been impossible.

"You can lie down and sleep," the old man whispered. "They won't dare come where I am."

Buffalo Bill was in need of sleep. Tom had slept four hours, but he lay down again, and was soon wrapped in slumber. The old man lay down, too, and was soon snoring like the puffing of a steamboat. Every redskin among the Sioux tribe knew that snore. When they heard it, they walked straight away from it, as if from the warning rattle of the deadly rattlesnake. They slept till sunrise, and then proceeded to broil more bear steaks. The logs were still burning, and it looked as though they would burn several days.

The steaks were soon done, and the three ate in silence. They were afraid to do any talking for fear that Indians might overhear them. But Buffalo Bill gave the old man to understand that he was going to go across the hills to Placid Lake, and then turn south and rejoin Miles at the place agreed upon.

The old man said, without turning his head:

"Go, an' I'll follow your trail."

"Good. You may be of some service—more than you think."

Tom was ready to go at a moment's notice, and so they started. When they had been gone about ten minutes, the old man shouldered his old musket and started off on their trail. Buffalo Bill knew that he had nothing to fear from the rear as long as the old maniac was there. His only danger lay in front, and in that direction he centered all his watchfulness. But he traveled till noon ere he saw any signs of redskins. Then he came across the trail of a band going southward. The band must have been fully two hundred strong, and it was certain that they were bent on mischief somewhere.

"They have not been gone two hours," said Buffalo Bill, as he examined the trail. "We can overtake them and find out what they are up to."

Tom acquiesced without a word, and they turned and followed the trail. After following it till sunset they found the Indians just preparing to go into camp for the night, and deep into the bushes they crept to wait till the shade of night would enable them to get nearer to them without risk of detection. When it was dark enough to make it safe for them to go nearer to the camp fire, they did so, and found that they were a part of the band General Miles had defeated when Yellow Bear was slain by Buffalo Bill. They had chosen a new chief, and were on their way to capture the Deadwood stage, which passed about fifty miles below on its way to the famous Deadwood mines. Buffalo Bill understood their tongue as he heard them talking, and knew that the only way to save the Deadwood stage and the passengers would be for him to secure a couple of Indian ponies from the band, and ride all night to inform General Miles of the proposed incursion. Accordingly, he whispered his plans to Tom, and they began to move around to the south side of the camp, where the stock was kept. On their way around they came across the old maniac. Cody whispered their needs to him in a few words.

"Go down the gorge and wait for me," said the old man.

Buffalo Bill was confident that such a consummate actor as the old man could get the ponies without any trouble, so he and Tom made their way down the gorge, and there waited for the old man's appearance. They were there nearly an hour when they heard him coming, leading two ponies. They had no saddles, but that made no difference.

"You have done a fine service, old man," said Cody. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Bring me some cartridges for my revolver," replied the old man.

"I'll divide with you now. Hold out your hand."

Buffalo Bill gave the old man half his cartridges, and the latter said:

"I'll show you the way out now. Come on."

He showed them the way out by a route that cut off several miles, and landed them on the edge of the prairie. There they shook hands with him and mounted the ponies. The old man stood there under the silent stars looking after them till they were out of sight in the gloom of night shadows.

"He is a wonderful old man," said Tom, after riding in silence for about five miles.

"Yes, a very remarkable old man. I am going to try to find out who he is. He is putting up the worst job on the redskins that I ever heard of."

"So he is. He must wipe out many a one on the sly whilst being allowed to roam about unmolested."

"Yes, and he says that he has wiped out eighty-one, and that he has nineteen yet to put away. He has vowed to wipe out one hundred for some purpose or other. I guess they tried to burn him once."

They were riding along at pretty full speed, going in a bee-line for the point where General Miles was to wait for them, when a half dozen stalwart warriors rose up from the grass right under their ponies' feet and seized them—ponies and all

"Ugh! Stop!" grunted the two who seized the reins, "or paleface die!"

The interruption was so entirely unexpected that even Buffalo Bill was utterly taken back. But Tom drew his revolver and shot the redskin who had seized his pony's head. The redskin measured his length on the ground. Tom then dashed away. He heard two shots and, looking back, saw Buffalo Bill coming at full speed. Suddenly four shots rang out and he heard Buffalo Bill shout:

"Come back, Tom, I am down."

Tom dismounted and ran back.

"Are you hit, Bill?" he asked.

"No, but you will be if you don't get down out of sight. The rascals shot my pony and that put me afoot."

The redskins were now coming toward them. Both fired with such disastrous results that the rascals turned tail and beat it away, leaving their ponies behind. Buffalo caught one of these and soon both Tom and Buffalo Bill were on their way again. They rode all night ere they came in sight of Miles' camp fires. Buffalo Bill reported the news in regard to the intended raid upon the Deadwood stage. General Miles ordered Major Reno to take two companies of cavalry and go with Buffalo Bill to capture or destroy the whole band. After proceeding for a number of miles Buffalo Bill and Tom left the main body and rode northward.

It was late in the afternoon when they came across the band of Indians they were in quest of. When they espied our two friends they yelled and gave chase. This was what the scout wanted. They turned and rode back toward the cavalry, which had secreted itself in a batch of trees.

When the scout and Tom had drawn the redskins into the ambush the cavalry charged upon them and the fight that ensued was almost a massacre, the Indians being utterly demoralized.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Final Defeat of the Redmen.

At the command to charge Buffalo Bill and Tom dashed forward at full speed, using their rifles as they went. The redskins did not stop to return their fire. They broke and rode in every direction—scattering so as to break up the pursuit. Tom had emptied his rifle, and now drew his revolver for closer quarters. He selected a big, stalwart Sioux, and dashed after him, determined to bring him down if he did not another. Buffalo Bill did the same thing, as did many of the soldiers. In no instance did two warriors ride away together, hence the scattering pursuit. Tom's horse was in good trim for a run, and after a two-mile chase he was within fifty feet of the fleeing redskin.

"Halt!" he cried.

"Ugh! no halt!" said the Sioux, urging his jaded pony to greater speed.

But Tom gained on him rapidly, and in a little while was alongside of him. With a whoop the Indian threw himself on the side of his pony in such a way that only a foot and one arm were exposed to view. The pony was a running breast-work for his rider. Tom was amused and inter-

ested in the savage's attempt to shield himself from him. He saw that the pony was nearly played out, and that the rider was worrying him by riding in that way.

"Hello, redskin!" he called out, "what's the matter with you?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Sioux.

Suddenly the pony fell, and the redskin was partially stunned by the fall. Tom stopped and looked down at him. At his belt hung three scalps, and one of them had evidently been torn from the head of a white woman. The redskin's wits soon returned to him, and then Tom asked him:

"Is that a paleface woman's scalp you have there, redskin?"

"Ugh!" grunted the brute. "Me take scalp—me great warrior."

"Did you take a scalp from a white woman?"

"Ugh! Me take 'em all."

That was enough. Tom shot him. The Indian staggered back, and clapped a hand over the wound in his shoulder. Crack!

"That's for the white woman's scalp," said Tom.

The redskin started, gave a whoop, and hurled his tomahawk at him. Crack! The third shot settled him. He sank down upon one knee and tried to sing his death song.

"None of that music for me," said Tom, giving him another shot that rolled him over on the grass.

"The woman is avenged," he said as he proceeded to insert fresh cartridges in both rifle and revolver.

He had no sooner done that than he heard shouts out on the left, and looking in that direction saw four Sioux warriors coming down upon him. They had seen him out there alone, and thinking that they could get his scalp had made a dash for him. Tom coolly waited for them to get in range, and then proceeded to use his deadly repeating rifle on them. With the first two shots the two foremost went down, and their riderless ponies went careering over the plains. Crack! The third warrior leaned forward and hugged his pony's neck. Crack! The fourth one's arm was broken, and thus all four were out of the fight ere they had arrived within pistol-shot distance of him.

"They are the worst broken up band of redskins I ever saw," he remarked, as he put in more fresh cartridges. "Here comes one of 'em."

The redskin, whose right arm was broken, could not manage his pony, and the little fellow ran right up to Tom with him and stopped.

"Me talk with paleface," said the Indian.

"Well, why don't you redmen learn some sense? The time was when these prairies were covered with buffalo. Where are they now? They have been killed off by hunters. Just so is the redman passing away. He wars against the palefaces, and the white man kills him as the buffalo is killed. By and by the redman and the buffalo will be known no more. The buffalo cannot help himself, the redman can, but he is too much a fool to do so. A hundred redmen have fallen today, and still the Sioux warriors fight and die."

The savage looked at him, and listened in silence till he had finished, when he said:

"Ugh! The young paleface has a long tongue."

Tom smiled, and said:

"Yes, I guess I have. The redman has a short head. He has no sense. Go tell your people what long tongue has told you."

Tom rode away and left the Indian sitting there on his horse. A few minutes later he met Buffalo Bill, who asked:

"Did you get your redskin?"

"Yes, and three or four more, beside!"

"Good! That's better luck than I had."

"They came for me and I used my rifle on them."

"Well, I don't think that over thirty out of that entire band got away."

"No; they were pretty well cleaned out."

"I think they would be glad to make peace after this. Old Yellow Bear was the cause of the war. He is out of the way now."

General Miles was very much pleased with the success of the expedition, and spoke of Major Reno and Buffalo Bill in the highest terms in his report to the commander of the department. That was the end of the Indian troubles in the foothills. The Sioux were utterly humbled, and soon after sued for peace. Buffalo Bill and Tom had nothing more to do in the line of scouting, but did valuable service in procuring meat for the soldiers, who were beyond the reach of any supply trains. It was after the war was ended that they again met the old maniac up in the foothills. They were in camp over in Deep Run Creek, when the white-haired old man came stalking into their midst.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Back ag'in, eh? War ended, and the reds licked."

"Yes," said Buffalo Bill. "How does your war come on? How many yet remain to be wiped out?"

"Two more. Ha, ha, ha! Two more, an' then I'm done."

"Seventeen since I saw you last! You have not been idle, old man."

"No—busy, very busy. Got two the night you went away. Ha, ha, ha! they never knew where those ponies went."

"You did us a good service that night, for which I am always your friend," said Buffalo Bill.

"That's all right. Wait till I get two more. Ha, ha, ha!" and the maniacal laugh of the old man made Tom's blood run cold every time he heard it.

"That laugh would be worth five hundred dollars a night in a theatre in New York," he remarked to Buffalo Bill in a whisper.

"Yes, I've been thinking about that. I never heard it equaled except in a lunatic asylum which I once visited in Ohio. What a pile a man could make with him in a play where a lunatic was needed!"

The old man lay down by the camp fire and went to sleep. So did Tom and Buffalo Bill.

But when the two scouts woke up in the morning they found the old man gone. He had slipped away in the night without awakening them, and they had not missed his snoring.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Sioux Treachery—The Old Maniac.

The two scouts prepared and ate an early breakfast, and were about to leave camp when two stalwart Sioux braves appeared.

"How do, brother?" greeted the elder of the two. "How do?" said Buffalo Bill. "What are you doing in war paint again? Hasn't the war ended?" "Sioux warriors fight Blackfeet warriors," was the reply.

"Oh, you redskins can't live without fighting somebody. By and by all of you will be dead, and then peace will reign all over the country."

"Blackfeet bad Injun," said the Sioux.

"Yes and they think Sioux are bad, too. I never saw a good Indian in my life. They were all dead!"

"Ugh!" gruted the Sioux.

He couldn't see through his remark, and Tom came near laughing outright as the ugly painted warrior stood there talking to Cody.

By and by the elder of the two asked Buffalo Bill if he were Long Hair, the fierce rider of the palefaces.

"Yes," said Bill. "I am called Long Hair by the redmen."

With that the Indian gave a shrill whoop, and five more warriors appeared, armed, and surrounded the two scouts.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the maniacal laugh of the old man who had disappeared from the camp, and the next moment he rushed up and plunged his old cavalry saber to the hilt in the body of the warrior who had given the signal to the others.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's ninety-nine! One more, one more! Ha, ha, ha!" and ere they could get out of his way, he had run another one through.

The others hurried to get away from him.

"They meant treachery, Tom," said Cody. "Let 'em have it!" and he opened on them with his revolver.

Tom did likewise, and the old man managed to get another.

"That ends it," said the old man, "I'll go back with you now."

"Did they mean to kill Tom and I?" Cody asked.

"Yes. They had doomed both of you to the stake, and they were sent to take you."

"Well, and that's the kind of peace we have with them, is it? I'll tell General Miles that, and he'll give 'em another dose that will make them sick."

"Come. The best place is anywhere but the foothills," said the man, leading the way.

Buffalo Bill and Tom followed him.

He had secured a hardy Indian pony, and when well out of the bushes he mounted, saying to the two scouts:

"Come away! Come away! We must get away from here."

They mounted their horses and rode away with him.

"You have fulfilled your vow of one hundred dead Indians, eh?" said Buffalo Bill to him.

"Yes—yes, one hundred and one. I am done. My comrade is avenged," and he relapsed into silence again.

When they reached the timber where Miles had camped for a fortnight they found that the troops were gone southward.

"We'll go southward, too," said Cody, "but we'll camp here to-night. To-morrow we'll go due south for three hundred miles, and again strike the old wagon train route."

That night the old man told his story. He had been captured with a comrade—both cavalry sol-

diers—and condemned to the stake. During the burning of his comrade he thought of the idea of playing lunatic on them, knowing they were superstitious about such things. He did so, and it worked successfully. They released him and sent him adrift into the woods, where he howled and laughed the whole night. That night he swore to keep up the mask until he had killed one hundred redskins, and now he had kept his oath. His name was Turner, and he belonged to Company C, of Custer's cavalry regiment.

In the morning they resumed the journey southward, and made sixty miles ere the sun went down again. They followed the water course, hence had timber for shelter each night.

At last they struck a small band of Blackfeet Indians, in which there were two renegade whites.

The renegades tried to keep out of the way of Buffalo Bill, for they didn't want him to recognize them in such company.

But he did, and one of them came up and wanted to shake hands with him."

Buffalo Bill glared at him, and said:

"I never shake the hand of a renegade."

"I am no renegade."

"You are not?"

"No."

"What are you doing here with these people, then?"

"I am aiding them against the Sioux, who killed my brother," was the reply.

"Is that true, chief?" Cody asked of the Blackfeet chief.

"Ugh!"

"That means anything," said Cody, "or it means nothing."

"Well, you can make anything you please of it," said the man. "I am not anxious to shake hands with you. My hands are as clean as yours, and I am as good a shot as you are."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Ugh!" grunted the man.

"That means 'Yes' this time."

CHAPTER XIX.—The Two Old Men.

The coolness of the two men was something remarkable, and Tom and the old man noticed that a deep, earnest hatred of each other seemed to move both of them. Tom spoke to Cody, and asked:

"Are you going to fight him?"

"No. I'm going to wing him, though."

"We don't have to wait for daylight, Bill Cody," said the other man. "We can shoot across the camp fire as well as by sunlight."

"So we can," exclaimed Cody, drawing his pistol. "Turner, give the word for that man to die, and you'll see him drop."

"All right," said the old man. "How many paces?"

"Five will do," said the renegade.

"Take your places."

The two men did so.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready," responded both.

"Fire—one—two—"

Both men fired promptly at the word 'two,' and the renegade sank down in his tracks where he stood.

Tom rushed up to Buffalo Bill, and asked:

"Are you hit?"

"No."

They went to the renegade and found him dead.

Buffalo Bill had not intended to kill him, but his bravado in demanding to fight by the light of the camp fire caused him to change his mind, and hence the fatal ending of the duel.

The Blackfeet were dumfounded at the fall of their ally, and were disposed to take it up.

But their chief told them to keep quiet—that their friend was a fool, and had brought it on himself.

Buffalo Bill explained to the chief how the whites fought duels that way, and then told Tom that the renegade was a man whom the sheriff of Tallahoma County, in California, had been trying to catch for three years.

"I am satisfied that he had been guilty of some other crime that induced him to take refuge in a tribe of Indians."

The Blackfeet chief was a man who had made up his mind that the peace with the whites must be preserved at any cost, hence he would not allow his warriors to do anything to avenge the fall of their ally.

Early the next morning the three white men took leave of the Blackfeet and rode away southward.

The Indians gazed after them as though they had made a mistake in not taking their scalps.

Ten days later they met a wagon train in camp on the banks of a stream.

Old John Kall was the guide.

The old man almost hugged Buffalo Bill in his joy at seeing him again.

"Got another train, I see," said Cody.

"Yes—but ther Injuns is mighty good just now."

"Yes. General Miles has walloped all the fight out of them."

Then he told the old guide all about his adventures with the cavalry up in the foothills, and the old man wished he had been along to bear a hand in the "wallopin'."

But when Tom told how Buffalo Bill had fought Yellow Bear in full view of both armies, and got his scalp, the old guide gave a whoop and grasped Cody's hand, saying:

"Put it thar, Bill! I allers said as how yer war the whitest man in ther West. Gosh dern it all, man! I'm mad! I'm mad! I wanten fight!"

Buffalo Bill shook his hand, and said:

"The fight is over, old man. The Sioux are as mild as sucking doves."

"How did ther kid do?" the old guide asked, looking at Tom.

"He's the best man for his age in all the West," replied Buffalo Bill.

"Good! Gimme your hand," and the old guide grasped Tom's hand, and shook it hard and long.

"Mr. Kall," Tom asked, "where did you leave Sarah Baird?"

"In Santa Fe. Her family settled thar, an' she said as how if I saw yer ag'in ter tell yer whar she were."

"Thanks! Tell her when you go back not to marry till I have a chance to see her."

"B'ars 'n rattlers—yes," said the old man. "She's er likely gal, an' true blue every time."

Then old man's Turner's history was told to old Kall, and he fairly hugged the old man

"Put it thar, old gray beard," he said to the old man who had played maniac on the Sioux till he had wiped out one hundred of them. "I'm old myself, but yer beat me in gray hair."

"I'm not as old as you," said Turner. "I am old before my time, that's all."

"We'll live and die by one another," said old Kall. "Just let ther boys go. Hyer's my wagon an' clothes an' guns an' everything. Go with me, old pard, an' yer won't be sorry for it."

"Take him up, old man," said Buffalo Bill, slapping him heartily on the back. "Take him up. He's the best old man on the plains."

The old maniac turned to Kall and gave him his hand saying:

"I'll do it comrade."

"I'll do it, too!" exclaimed the old guide, grasping his hand and shaking it heartily. "We are pards, an' death only kin take us apart."

Tom was amused at the action of old Karl. He had never seen Turner before, and yet he took him into copartnership on Buffalo Bill's story of his career.

Tom did not yet know anything about the ties that bind some men together. The memory of the old maniac made him shudder. The thought of them made old Kall want to hug him.

Two days later the two scouts left the wagon train and the two old men in charge of it, and went West still further in quest of adventure.

Tom wanted to see all there was of the West, and Buffalo Bill was not the man to stand in his way.

"You'll live a long time before you see all the West, my boy," said Cody.

"Of course, but I want to see all that is worth seeing," was the reply.

"Yes, of course. You won't live long enough for that either."

"Well, I don't know about that. I am going to live a long time, you understand."

Cody smiled, and said:

"We'll go through to the mining camps, where there are few Indians. The white people you will see there are worse than the redskins when they get started."

They encamped that night on the open prairie, without fire or water. The season had now advanced till the grass was dry and inflammable, and Buffalo Bill told Tom that to be caught out on the plains by a fire in the grass was about as bad as meeting a thousand hostile redskins.

CHAPTER XX.—Among the Mines.

Early the next day they were in the saddle and away. In the distance ahead of them could be seen the mountains among which were the mines that yielded so much of the gold and silver of the world.

"What time can we reach them?" Tom asked.

"Some time to-morrow."

"To-morrow! What the matter with going there to-day?"

"Nothing, only our horses can't make it, that's all."

"What's the matter with the horses?"

"They are all right, only horses can't travel ninety miles in a day."

"Ninety miles! Do you mean to say that ninety miles lies between here and those mountains?"

"Yes."

Tom whistled, and looked at the mountains again. He could not realize that they were so far away. Buffalo Bill had to assure him that it was true.

"You will travel toward them all day and find them still many miles away at sunset," he said. "The atmosphere out here is very clear, enabling one to see long distances."

Tom found it true. When they had traveled all day they found that the mountains were many miles away. The next day, when they were within fifteen miles of the foot of the range, a thunder cloud came up, and lightning darted here and there with great force. The dry prairie was set on fire, and in a few minutes the wind was sweeping it after the two at the speed of half a mile a minute.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Cody. "The grass is on fire."

They put spurs to their horses and rode like the wind. Suddenly Buffalo Bill stopped and said:

"It will overtake us. We can't outrun it. We must burn a space for ourselves," and he sprang from his horse, took his match-box from his pocket, and knelt down in the dry grass.

In a moment he had ignited the grass. Then he sprang up and ran back a few paces. The wind blew the flames from him, and in ten minutes the ground ahead was burnt bare of grass.

"Now, we have nothing to fear from the fire behind us," said Buffalo Bill, remounting his horse, and riding forward into the burnt space. Tom saw the wisdom of the thing, and wondered if he would have thought of it had he been alone. Half an hour later a heavy fall of rain quenched the fire and put it out. But many miles of grass had been burnt over. As they rode along they found many snakes which had been caught out of their holes and scorched to death. It was an experience to Tom he was likely not to forget, and he marked to Buffalo Bill:

"I have read of such things, but didn't know whether they were true or not."

"They are true," returned the scout. "I have read of many exaggerations in novels located in the West, but in the main the characteristics are truthfully drawn."

It was nearly night ere they left the plains and struck the hill regions. It took them two days more to reach the mines, a very rough section. The miners wore red shirts and drank whisky nearly all night after a hard day's work. They spent the winter among the mining camps, making money supplying them with game, and in the spring they sought the plains again. There they met a number of bands of Indians going south in quest of game, to meet the buffalo who grazed northward as the season advanced. But a universal peace now reigned. Even the Sioux and Blackfeet had buried the hatchet during the winter, and now their hunting parties sometimes camped within sight of each other. After he had been nearly two years on the plains Tom Hayes said to Cody:

"I want to go to New Mexico. I want to see Santa Fe."

"You can go there just when you feel like it."

"But I want you to go, too."

"That I can't do. I am to go East instead of West this summer. But old Kall's wagon train

will be along some time this month, I guess, and you can go on with them."

"And leave you on the plains alone? Not much I won't."

"Then let's go East till we meet Old John."

They started on the old trail, and two days later they reached the very spot where the great running fight was made when Tom came so near losing his life.

Encamping there that night they recalled the scenes of two years before, and enjoyed the contrast.

"Everything is peace now," Tom said.

Five days later they met old Kall's train. It was not so large as the one Tom started with, but it had a goodly number of wagons, armed men and emigrant families.

Old Kall and Turner, who was dressed in buckskin hunting shirt and leggings now, received them with great rejoicing and that night in the camp they swapped stories till midnight. The next day Buffalo Bill and Tom Hayes parted. They hugged each other, shook hands, and turned away.

Buffalo Bill went eastward. Tom went on with the train to New Mexico, which section of the country he was most anxious to see.

Old Maniac Turner was a very different sort of a man now.

His manners had softened, and his voice lacked the harsh tones so noticeable when Tom first met him.

He took to Tom again and regaled him with many a tale of adventure. His feat of wiping out one hundred Sioux was never doubted, for he never bragged of it.

Tom knew more about it than any other man in the camp. He had seen the old man at work, and knew what he was made of. No wonder, then, the old man took to him, and told him many stories of hair-breadth escapes.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Conclusion.

The wagon train moved slowly westward toward the borders of New Mexico, Tom amusing himself on the way by supplying it with game. Wherever he saw a deer, bear or buffalo, he never failed to put in some effective work with his deadly repeating rifle. At last the train reached the hills of New Mexico, and the monotony of the prairie was gone. They now struck great ranches, and right and left were rich farms. But the cattle ranches were the great business of the country.

Mexicans and Spaniards were everywhere speaking the language of sunny Spain. But the irrepressible Yankee was there, too, and was making himself felt by the others.

The wagon train reached Santa Fe at last, and encamped outside the city. The next morning Tom was currying his horse, when he heard his name called by old Kall.

"Come hyer, Tom!"

He looked around, and saw a young woman taking to her heels, and running as fast as she could.

"Who is she?" Tom asked.

"Sary Baird. She comed an' asked me if I had seen yer, an' when I called yer, she ran away like er deer. What ails ther gal, anyhow?"

Tom asked:

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes, I'll show yer."

Tom followed the old guide into the town, and found the house. Knocking on the door, Sarah's mother opened it.

"Why, Tom Hayes!" she exclaimed him in her arms.

"Where is Sarah?" he asked.

"Sarah! Sarah!" she called, and Sarah came forth, blushing like a rose.

Tom did not stand on ceremony. He had kissed the mother. So he caught her in his arms, and said:

"I have come a thousand miles to look on your face, Sarah."

She blushed still more, and he said further:

"I have never forgotten your face. When I slept I beheld it in my dreams. You are more beautiful than ever, Sarah."

"I am ever so glad to see you," stammered happy Sarah.

"Are you?"

"Yes."

Tom had a long story to tell of adventure since he had seen her last, and she was never tired of listening to him. He spent a month looking around Santa Fe and the country, and every day managed to see Sarah at her home. At last, when he had no further excuse to remain, he told Sarah that he was going East again. She turned as pale as death and asked:

"Why go?"

"Because I have nothing to do here," he replied.

"Have you tried to get something to do here?"

"No, for the reason that I find nothing here that I know anything about. I am going into business in New York that will make me a fortune in a few years."

"When do you go?"

"In a few days, with old Kall's train. I want you to go back with me, Sarah, as my wife."

Sarah's face brightened up at once, and she laid a hand on his and said:

"I will go with you to the uttermost parts of the earth, Tom Hayes."

That evening Tom asked her parents for her hand, and they consented on condition that she should visit them once every two years. He agreed to that, and Sarah at once began to prepare for a bridal trip across the plains in the wagon train of old John Kall. The wedding was a quiet one, and two days afterward the wagon train left for the East.

Next week's issue will contain "THE SMUGGLERS OF THE SHANNON; OR, THE IRISH MEG MERRILES. By Berton Bertrew.

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AL, THE ATHLETE, OR, THE CHAMPION OF THE CLUB

By R. T. BENNETT

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Wump! went the sphere in centerfield's mitt. He lined it down to the plate, where it arrived ahead of Rich, and Camps let it go to Hope, who tagged Burt six inches from the bag.

A jubilant yell arose from the Mercurys as they came straggling in.

Kelly had the reputation of being a terrific batter, but his pop fly landed in Chase's fingers, Camps died on second, and Drew went down on a foul hit.

There were no runs made in the third inning.

The grounder Marsh sent to Kelly was easy, Abby's scorcher was picked out of the air by Bowers, and Turner's best was a slow one to Drew.

Hope was the first man up on the Mercury side, but Al struck him out. Clark's easy roller carried him to first, and Bowers swatted the ball into Ed Turner's hands so nicely that he had plenty of time to line it to Fred Abby, making a neat double play.

In the fourth Winters was a dead one on a long fly into Martin's grip, Hope took a little bounce from Nelson, and Kelly settled Chase's hash by getting in the way of a beautiful ballon.

Howard went down and out on a short fly to Ben Rich, but Martin got a scratch hit between Abby and Turner, and was forced at second by Connor on a pick-up and throw by the short-stop.

Then Kelly kicked first, as fumbled his high bounce, and Connor galloped to third. While Camps was at bat Kelly stole second.

Just then Camps hit a single to right, scoring Connor; but Kelly was out trying to steal home, and the inning ended by Drew sacrificing.

"A goose-egg for the Juniors and a run for the Mercurys," was the way Al put it to Nick as they went up to the plate.

"How is your wing?" asked the catcher.

"Good for a month yet!" laughed the young pitcher. "In our half of the fifth I am going to wet my fingers when I give Hope a dose of spit-ball. Hang on to the end of his bat, Nick."

The fifth opened with a little bunt by Rich which carried him to the initial bag, but Burt fled to Bowers and Al toed the plate.

"Adams," bellowed a fat rooter, "do something!"

The cowbell interrupted him, and an orange caught him in the neck.

Drew was savage as Al treated him to a sneering smile and said:

"Better put a real pitcher in the box, Drew!"

He wanted to rattle the rascal, but a cunning gleam shot from Drew's snaky eyes as he suddenly realized this, and he retorted:

"Oh, I'll do for you any time, you dog!"

Whiz! came the ball, and crack! went the bat,

away dashed Al, and Rich went pelting over to second like greased lightning.

The ball flew high over Martin's head and landed somewhere near the fence, and while the basemen were yelling themselves hoarse Al was rushing after Rich as if he wanted his life.

The crowd in the bleachers stood up as Ben hammered the plate, and by the time Clark got the ball and passed it down the young athlete was kicking up the dust for home.

Drew got the ball and sent it to Camps like a shell from an eight-inch gun, but it flopped into the catcher's mitt a full second after the official scorer marked up a run against Al's name.

The roar from the crowd that greeted this play was deafening.

A slight damper was thrown on the performance by Nick striking out, and the fans had hardly finished talking about it when Abby drove a hot liner squarely into Drew's hands, which brought in the Mercurys howling.

The second half was a brief one, for Al had been practicing a spit-ball, and Hope, Clark and Bowers fell victims to it.

Neither side scored in the three following innings, and when the Juniors came up in the ninth Turner was at bat.

He fanned, and Winters followed with a two-bagger, which was muffed by Clark. Nelson was called out on strikes, and Chase bunted and reached first by a lazy lope. Then up came Rich with a sizzling grasser to far center, which advanced Winters and Chase, filling the bases.

Burt now let himself loose with a terrific wallop which brought Winters in sweating and worked the crowd up to the fever pitch.

"Adams at the bat!"

This was Drew's last chance, and there was a wicked look on his face as he fingered a round, white stone he had secretly taken from his pocket. He concealed the ball inside his shirt.

"They've got us licked to a finish," he reflected, sourly, "but I will lay the beggar out if I hang for it!"

Nobody knew what his evil purpose was, and he took careful aim at his handsome young rival when he prepared to pitch the stone.

The missile shot through the air and hit Al on the head.

A low, hoarse cry of pain escaped the boy, he flung up his hands, dropping the bat, and his face turned as white as snow.

The next moment he staggered and fell to the ground.

There was an ugly, bleeding gash on his head, and he lay as if dead!

In an instant a scene of intense confusion prevailed. Shouts arose, and all the players and spectators rushed toward the stricken boy.

But Drew reached him first, and dropping the ball on the ground, he secured the stone and secreted it in his shirt bosom.

CHAPTER VII.—Loss Before Dishonor

"Game forfeited to the Midwood Juniors," said the umpire.

"I protest!" began Drew, who was white to the lips.

"You'd better not!" warned Barry "I saw the

stone you threw which laid out Adams. You may have to answer for murder if he don't recover from the blow!"

"He is swindling us!" yelled Drew. "His accusation is a lie, and a blind so he could favor the Midwoods!"

"Rough-house!" roared Camps.

The Junior boys were ready for them, and in an instant the two nines were mixed up in a terrific scrimmage, for Al's friends wanted to avenge the cowardly attack upon their young champion.

The plucky umpire was not going to see the rival clubs injure each other, and called a posse of constables to separate them.

In the meantime Jennie had come down to where Al was lying on the grass, and sat, the picture of misery, holding his head in her lap, while a local physician examined him.

"Is he badly hurt?" she breathed.

"Only struck senseless."

"Can you help him?"

"Easily. I'm doing so now."

"He seems to be reviving."

"Oh he will come around in a few moments."

"Do you know what happened to him?"

"No, but it looks as if he was hit by a stone."

"Thrown by whom?"

"Don't know, but we may find out later on."

At this moment Al recovered, and sitting up, he found that his throbbing head was swathed in bandages, and that a gaping crowd was surrounding him, held back by the constables.

He asked what had happened, and Barry stepped forward and said:

"Drew fired a stone at you instead of the ball!"

"You lie like fury!" hissed a nasty voice behind him, and as he turned around he saw Jim Drew and his father standing there.

The umpire worked in Mr. Drew's cotton mill as a bookkeeper, and he saw an ugly look sweep over the dark, narrow face of his boss.

The rich man fixed a cold, deadly glance upon him, and growled:

"What do you mean by saying that my son flung a stone at that boy? If you value your job you will not go around making such a serious charge against my boy."

Barry's temper arose all of a sudden, and he folded his arms across his bosom, met the man's gaze unflinchingly, and asked:

"Does that mean that you will bounce me if I speak out?"

"You have a good position in my office, and ought to have sense enough to nurse it, for you get a very liberal salary."

A look of scorn and contempt gathered on Barry's face.

"See here!" he exclaimed, so everybody could hear him, "I am a man—out a sneaking skunk like that son of yours, and don't you forget it! You needn't think I won't tell that I saw him try to murder Al Adams by firing the stone that laid him out! Your threat to bounce me out of your employ unless I keep my mouth shut won't work. You can't bribe or buldoze me into shielding the young scoundrel, Mr. Drew!"

"You are discharged!" roared the exasperated millionaire.

"Go to thunder, sir!" retorted the spunky umpire. "You ain't the only pebble on the earth

There are plenty other places where I can get a job. You needn't think you can muzzle me into protecting a scoundrel by threatening to fire me, for I won't stand for it!"

Many people heard all this, and some, perhaps, thought Barry was very indiscreet in thus defying his employer, but the majority admired him for his courage and good principle, and loudly cheered him.

Seeing that exposure was inevitable, Mr. Drew with a rage-contorted face plucked his son by the arm and said, hastily:

"Come on, Jim! Let us get out of this mob."

And as they hastened away Barry went over to Al and told him all about the manner in which he had been injured.

"I heard the whole thing," said Al, shaking hands with the brave fellow. "I am very sorry you got yourself in trouble on my account."

"If you take my advice you will prosecute young Drew. It will teach him a lesson which he richly deserves to learn. In fact, it is very dangerous to let such a rascal run around at large attacking people. If you want a witness against him, don't hesitate to call on me, Al."

"Thank you, Barry, I may take advantage of your kind offer," the boy answered, as he got upon his feet, assisted by Miss Harlow and the doctor.

Surrounded by the Midwood boys, he was put in the stage, Jennie insisting upon going with him, and they were driven hastily away.

Nick had taken a seat beside Al, and when they got going he opened a satchel he carried, and pulled out a big wad of greenbacks.

"See this?" he asked.

"What is it, old fellow?" queried Adams.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Where did you get it?"

"It's half of the gate receipts, which we played for, and it was handed over to me by the manager of the baseball game."

"Good enough! It will increase our club fund a good bit, Nick."

He pointed at the youngster in question, who was waving the big silk flag out of the rear of the stage, at the admiring crowds they passed, and they were cheered all along the line.

"What do you intend to do about Drew's attack upon you, Al?" asked Jennie, as they drew near Midwood.

"Can't tell yet."

"But you will have him punished?"

"Perhaps."

There was a big delegation of the Midwood people on hand at the club to meet the conquerers when they arrived, and they let out a tremendous cheer when they saw the pennant being brought to their town.

After a while the excitement abated, and Al went home and retired to his bed, completely tired in body and mind.

On the following morning Al felt like himself again, and as he had removed the bandages from his head, and substituted court-plaster, he showed very few signs of his injury.

As it was Sunday the boy spent a quiet time at home in the morning, and went to church with his mother in the evening.

(To be continued.)

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NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1927

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

A SILENT CAR FOR RAILWAY

A railroad engineer in Sweden has designed a railway motorcar said to obtain a speed of fifty miles an hour with no more noise than the clicking of the rails. The silent car has an under-slung engine, entirely separate from the frame of the car. Power is supplied to the drive wheels from the engine by distinct sets of gears, all in simultaneous use.

BREAK IN USED CARS CAREFULLY

With the possible exception of automobiles which have been employed as demonstrators, the wares of the used car mart requires especial attention until they are properly seasoned and assimilated to their environment. This may be a new idea in car ownership, but the need for better service and care for used cars is as old as the first trade-in.

CRADLE ROCKING ART TAUGHT BY FASCISTI

Teaching the science and art of cradle rocking is the principal function of the Feminine Fascist organization in Rome, Italy, which within three years has mustered 140,000 members. Flappers and tomboys are barred from this "Army of Mothers" whose members are taught what to do with their hands when babies howl instead of what to do with their feet when saxophones wail.

FOUR PERSONS FED ON ONLY \$1 PER DAY

All Norway is in a ferment over a cook book written by Mrs. Ester Meidell, a native of Sweden, who married a Norwegian and lives at Kongsberg. It contains menus for a family of four at a total cost of 100 kroner (about \$25) monthly.

She was challenged to prove it. She came to Oslo and gave public demonstrations. Police had to clear the streets of eager husbands and housewives.

Four doctors were appointed to supervise the experiment and ascertain the nutritive value of Mrs. Meidell's dishes. The verdict was in her favor.

TWO YOUNG SCIENCE STUDENTS AMAZE LOS ANGELES BY DEMONSTRATION OF ELECTRICAL WONDER

"How'll you have your eggs, sir?"

"Iced."

"Very good, sir. Iced it is."

And then when you get the eggs you will find them plain fried.

At least you will if Arthur Everett and Carl Raife, two local students of science do the icing. The young researchers have just completed an elaborate course of study in the high school laboratories with electricity that has given them the magic power to turn the frigid waves of ice into heat sufficiently strong to cook food.

They have set the town—or that portion of it which has visited them in their laboratory—to talking by a demonstration of frying eggs over a chunk of ice. It looks uncanny but the explain:

"It's easy. We simply build up electro magnetic fields around the ice, and these, by the process of induction, do the work?"

Easy?

Well, suppose you try it on your own refrigerator!

LAUGHS

He—Give me a kiss. She—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't." You should say "I prefer not to." She—But that wouldn't be true.

Salesman—Of course; we have square and upright pianos. Rural Customer—That's jest what I want fer my darter, mister—straight, honest goods.

Mr. Goff—What side of the street do you live on? Witness—On either side. If you go one way it is on the right side; if you go the other way it is on the left.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again. Generous Brother Brush—By Jove, old man! I wish I had one! I'd give it to you.

"Yes, Hunter is really engaged to Miss Roxley." "So he was telling me. He says she's not very pretty, but she's good." "Yes, good for a million in her own right."

Mrs. Naggs (at telephone)—Is my husband in the office? Office Boy—No, ma'am. Mrs. Naggs—When will he be in? Office Boy—I can't say. Mrs. Naggs—Why can't you say? Office Boy—Because he told me not to.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the defendant's counsel began his argument. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tendency to confuse the court."

A particular old gentleman, pulling something out of his soup that should not have been included among the other ingredients, thus addressed his cook: "Josephine, I am much obliged for your thoughtfulness, but the next time kindly give it to me in a locket."

An Indian Scout's Capture And Escape

In June, 1867, while General Custer, with his command, was at the forks of the Republican River, in western Kansas, and the Indian War had fairly begun, I was doing duty with several others as a scout.

On the morning of the 19th a young man named Robinson reached the camp and reported that he, with three others, had been hunting to the west of us, and had been stampeded by the Sioux Indians. One had been killed, as he believed, while the others had made a dash for it and scattered, each taking his own course. Robinson had blundered upon our camp after riding all night.

Custer was at this time hopeful of making peace with the redskins, and the camp at the forks would be permanent at least a fortnight. It was with this understanding of the situation that I set out with Robinson, after he had had an all-days' rest, to hunt up his stampeded companions and bring them in.

We left camp just after dark, both of us heavily armed, and rode straight to the west. As I had never seen Robinson under fire, I was more anxious than if one of my fellow-scouts had been with me, but in the course of a couple of hours I made up my mind that he had plenty of nerve and could be depended on. As near as he could judge, his party was thirty miles west of the forks when stampeded.

At midnight, after an easy canter of five hours, we halted, dismounted, and went into camp for the remainder of the night, believing we were close upon the spot where the hunters were attacked.

Both of us slept from that hour until just before sunrise.

We had a cold bit for breakfast, and had scarcely mounted our horses when we caught sight of the carcass of a horse lying on the plains about a quarter of a mile away.

As soon as we reached it Robinson identified the animal as having been the one he saw fall as the stampede began. Its rider was a man named McHenry, who had previously been employed as a civilian at Fort Larned. The buzzards and wolves had been at the carcass, but we made out that the horse had received three bullets and dropped in his tracks.

Saddle, bridle, and all other portable property had been removed. Robinson estimated that the attacking party numbered fifty. After half an hour's search I put the number at twenty. He believed that all who dashed away were pursued. I found that none of them had been followed over half a mile.

Had McHenry been killed or seriously wounded by the volley which killed his horse, his body would have been found lying beside the carcass. As it was, I reasoned that he had been captured unhurt and taken away a prisoner.

The trail of the Indians led to the north, as if making for the south fork of the Platte River, and we followed it at a cautious pace. At the end of five miles we came to the spot where the band had encamped for the night.

It was on the banks of a small creek in a scattered grove, and the first thing we saw was the dead body of McHenry. The Sioux chiefs had declared the anxiety for peace, and were professing the greatest friendship for the soldiers. Indeed, Pawnee-Killer had visited Custer to shake hands and sign a declaration of peace.

While the big chief was "how-howing" in Custer's camp and declaring his love for the white man, one of his bands, only thirty miles away, was subjecting a hunter to the most agonizing tortures. They cut out his tongue, blew powder into his body, cut off his toes, broke all his fingers, pricked him with knives, and finally ended by scalping him.

He must have suffered for many hours before death finally came as a glad relief. The body was not yet cold when we found it, and there were evidences that the Indians had not been gone more than an hour.

Of the two who stampeded and got clear, one went to the northeast and the other to the northwest. Robinson had held due north, and thus reached our camp, although he was not aware of its location.

We took up the trail of the one going to the northeast, believing that he was in the greatest danger. He went at a wild pace for at least ten miles, never seeming to have looked back and discovered that pursuit had been abandoned or to have turned to the right or the left, to throw the redskins off his route after darkness came.

It took us three hours to cover the distance he rode in one, and we expected to see Indians at any moment. About twelve miles from the spot where we found McHenry's horse we came upon that of Jackson, whom we were following to the northeast.

The wild ride had exhausted the animal, as he fell down Jackson had abandoned him and pushed along on foot. The animal was on his feet and grazing as we found him, but so lame that he could scarcely move. We removed the saddle and blankets, and found Jackson's revolvers in the hostlers.

From this point we had no trail to guide us, and the ground was badly cut up with ridges and washouts. We rode forward during the rest of the day, hoping to overtake the man, and neglecting no precaution to insure our own safety. Just at sundown we followed a dry gully up a long ridge and debouched from it, seeing a sight which for the moment appeared to be an optical illusion.

There were Indians on our right, on our left, in front, and I turned in my saddle to see other Indians closing in behind us. As we halted and looked around us, many of the redskins expressed their humor by grunts. They had probably been riding to the right and left of us for hours, and had finally formed this cul de sac for us to ride into. It was taking a great deal of pains for nothing, but the Indian sometimes exhibits a queer vein of humor. They were not disappointed in thinking we would be surprised.

It was fully two minutes before a chief rode forward and said "How-how," and extended his hand to me, and as he did so the whole body closed in. I am so unfortunate as to be marked on the left temple with that birthmark known as a white satin, the spot being as large as a silver dollar.

My hat was well up and my hair back as the chief came up, and the instant he noticed the mark he let go my hand and said something to those crowding up. Pretty soon he pushed in and touched my face, perhaps thinking the mark to be a wound or sore. Others did the same, and when they found that it was a part of the skin they expressed much wonder and reverence.

While I had served as a scout only a few months, I knew considerable of Indian character, and was not long in realizing that I had made a hit. While no violence was offered us, we were disarmed, and our horses were led behind the ponies of the Indians, as we moved off to the east. We traveled until about midnight before halting, and then reached an Indian village on Soldier Creek.

As we descended from our horses, Robinson was led off by two warriors, while I was conducted to the wigwam of Red Trail, a sub-chief, in command during Pawnee-Killer's absence. I had been busy planning during the ride, and had made up my mind to pretend to be without the power of speech.

I found opportunity to whisper to Robinson to pursue the same policy, but unfortunately he had not the nerve to carry out the idea. The fact of his being captured broke him all up. The recollection of what McHenry must have suffered unstrung his nerves, and I heard him begging and entreating as he was carried away.

Red Trail closely examined the mark on my face, and was as much mystified as the others. I still had a power of reserve. Having served through the war in the navy, it was but natural that I should carry a sailor's passport. On my left arm was a tattoo, representing an anchor.

This was seen as two warriors stripped my buckskin shirt off, to look for further marks. Not an Indian in that camp had ever seen anything like the mark, and when the examination had been completed I felt sure that I was looked upon with awe and mystery, if not veneration. I was conducted to a tepee and motioned to turn in, and had every reason to congratulate myself on the plan I had pursued. I had made signs that I could not talk, and the information had been accepted.

Next morning Pawnee-Killer arrived in the village. He had agreed to surrender his tribe and go on a reservation, but it was bold-faced lying on his part. His very first move was to order the village to pack up and move back about twenty miles.

This consumed the entire day. As we were ready to start I received my horse to ride, and my hands and legs were left entirely free. I saw Robinson brought out, and he was loaded down with kettles and led by a rope. At no time during the day was he near enough to exchange a word, but on several occasions I saw him kicked and beaten by the squaws and boys.

It was nine in the evening before I was taken in the presence of Pawnee-Killer. He seemed to have accepted the belief of the others, and in less than a quarter of an hour waved me out of his wigwam.

I may state here what I learned two or three years after. It was the belief of the Indians that I had been struck by lightning as I slept, and that the fluid had left the two marks to prove that

I was invulnerable. They further reasoned that I lost my speech at the same time, and was therefore an object of veneration.

I was in nowise hampered or restricted, but I found shelter as soon as possible, and was soon asleep. I wanted to do something for poor Robinson, but just how to do it I could not figure. The treatment accorded him during the day did not augur well for the future.

When morning came again I had a hearty breakfast, and then two old men, armed with only bows and arrows, took me down the creek about a mile and then sat down on the grass.

It was an hour or two before I could make out the significance of the move, but I then heard sounds from the direction of the camp which satisfied me that Robinson was being put to torture.

One of my guards soon left for the village, and an hour later the other suddenly rose and, without a word, walked away in the same direction. Unable to make up my mind what to do, I remained where I was during the entire day.

In later years I learned from one of the warriors of the fate of Robinson. His tortures lasted nine long hours. He first ran the gauntlet. Then he was tied to a stake, and every form of mutilation which the fiends could invent was practised on his poor body.

It was with great animation that my informant related how the poor fellow begged and cried and entreated—what wonderful vitality he had—how he could have been preserved an hour or two longer had not everybody grown tired of the sport. It was Pawnee-Killer himself, fresh from signing a treaty of peace, who exhibited the most fiendish spirit.

I had a much closer call than I knew. The two old men who took me out doubted that I was what the others took me for. They had arrows made on purpose to kill witches and keep off bad spirits, and they were to take me off and see if those arrows would kill me.

In going down the creek one of them came near stepping on a rattlesnake, and this was taken as a sign that they must not shoot. When they returned to the village and reported, it was hoped that I would go away, and therefore no one came near me.

As night fell I started off to the west, expecting every moment to be overhauled, putting in a good twenty miles before daylight, and was picked up by a scouting party of cavalry just before noon.

It was about three months after my escape before the Indians learned that I was a Government scout, and that they had been duped. Red Trail and Pawnee-Killer then offered five ponies each to the warrior who should bring in my scalp, and for the next year I was perhaps "wanted" more than any other man on the plains.

It was a curious turn of affairs, that, while Red Trail had no less than five of his best warriors out on an expedition after me, I crept into his camp one night and secured his own scalp-lock, rifle, and pony—and got away.

Mother—I am afraid that young man who comes to see you often is just a trifle fast. Daughter—Impossible mamma! He comes from Philadelphia.

PLUCK AND LUCK

CURRENT NEWS

BRITAIN TO WELCOME AMERICAN TOURISTS

American tourists visiting Britain this Summer will receive a warmer welcome than ever from the average Englishman.

As the result of applications connected with the "Come to Britain" movement with regard to Americans the British railway companies have decided to reduce the fares for tours by 25 per cent.

CHAMPION HEN DEAD; ROOSTERS ALL MOURN

Perdue's proud roosters are wearing their flying combs at half mast and their feathered mates are drooping with sorrow because of the passing of one of the greatest bird relatives—Lady Purdue—champion long distance egg layer of the world, who succumbed to the infirmities of old age at the Purdue poultry farm.

Lady Purdue, almost eleven years old, set a laying record which has never been equaled, 1,421 eggs.

21 KITES CARRY BOY IN 200-FOOT FLIGHT

An eighty-nine-pound boy was recently carried thirty feet skyward by twenty-one kites and sailed a distance of 200 feet in Providence, R. I., before a crowd of 12,000 spectators at the first kite-flying tournament staged in the East.

The young kite aeronaut is Samuel Perkins, Jr., twelve, of Seven Hills, Mass. Seventeen Eddy kites and four six-foot United States Navy model man lifters were used in the flight.

MESSAGE IN BOTTLE TRAVELS TO ISLANDS

A bottle thrown into a creek in Southern Illinois eight years ago has been found on the coast of the Philippine Islands, according to information received in Milton Junction, Wis.

The bottle contained the name of Miss Leona Smith, with her address, and was thrown into the creek at Carnia, Ill. Miss Smith had word from a soldier in the Pacific islands that he picked up the bottle on the seashore there December 29, 1926.

GIRL FIGHTING OFF CATALEPSY OF YEAR

Doris Hutton, from London, the Chilwell girl who lay in a trance for more than a year, is making progress toward recovery.

She has entirely recovered her sight, is able to write, her hearing is normal, but she has not regained her power of speech.

She feeds herself to a certain extent with specially prepared food. Muscular contraction, due to lying so long in one position, is yielding to treatment.

PARIS CLOCKS TO BE RUN BY ELECTRIC POWER NOW

Air-driven clocks that have given Parisians the wrong time for forty years are being electrified. These pneumatic street clocks seldom registered alike and are blamed in large measure for giving

Paris the reputation of not having any two clocks that tell the same time.

The pneumatic clocks, operated by compressed air, stopped working at midnight upon the expiration of a forty-year contract with a private company. Electric mechanisms are ready for them and when cables are laid in the street the clocks of Paris will be regulated from the famous Observatoire, which fixes time for France and its colonies.

NON-SMOKERS ORGANIZE SOCIETY IN ENGLAND TO PROTECT RIGHTS

Non-smokers believe they haven't a chance in England, and they don't like it. They have formed the National Society of Non-Smokers and have adopted a badge which all members are urged to wear as a warning to railway officials, cafe and theater proprietors.

"We shan't appeal to the League of Nations as an 'oppressed minority,'" declared a prominent member of the society. "We are not a minority. We non-smokers make up at least two-thirds of the population of the British Isles, but we are treated by the railways, cinemas, cafes and theaters as if we did not exist."

Men and women alike are very generally ignoring "No Smoking" signs in England. Music halls, cinemas and even many of the first-class legitimate theaters permit pipes, cigars and cigarettes alike.

But the non-smokers are now preparing a "white list" of theaters, hotels and restaurants which forbid smoking. The society is also making an indignant protest against the growth of the smoking habit among clergymen.

PLASTIC PAINT IS A PRACTICAL SOLUTION FOR WALL FINISHES

If you are building a new house and are in a quandary about how to finish it, remember the age-old truth that in texture and color lie true and lasting beauty. Your recollection will, very likely, lead you to a consideration of plastic paints and if you pursue your inquiry you will find that this material far exceeds your demand for beauty of color, for charm of texture and for the expression of your personality.

Not only can you copy exactly the textures of the old masters by means of plastic paint, but also you can reproduce the rare building stone textures with absolute fidelity; again, you may enter the realm of the original.

If your house is an old one you may summon plastic paint to your aid by either making it younger or older in appearance as you wish; you can disguise defective plaster; you can cover woodwork or glass; in fact, you can coat any surface.

The base of this plastic paint is a white powder composed of mica, casein clay and ammonia. It is mixed in hot water until it arrives at the consistency of a heavy paste. It is applied with a wide-edge brush and is spread out to any desired thickness. It is then stippled, or swirled, or textured.

TIMELY TOPICS

UNION PROTESTS HAIR CUTTING BY FIREMEN

The secretary of the local Master Barbers' Association in Detroit, Mich., has filed a protest with the fire commissioner because city firemen are cutting each other's hair without licenses.

STEAM AIRPLANES PLANNED IN FRANCE

British aviation experts are wondering whether steam airplanes may not be the next great advance in the problem of flight.

A close watch is being kept on experiments in France where Henry Robart, a French inventor, claims to have invented a light-weight steam-engine plant suitable for use in airplanes.

VIVID-HUED COATS ON EVENINGS' OUT URGED FOR MEN

Time has come for men to wear violet, blue or plum colored dinner jackets—frequently—in the view of Eugene Marsan, contender for Andre de Fouquieres' "title" of masculine fashion dictator of Paris.

The dress suit has had its day, in Marsan's opinion, and should be replaced by the dinner jacket, which he describes as a handsome and comfortable thing if worn in "proper" colors.

VENICE BUILDS BRIDGE IN HONOR OF SOLDIERS

Already a city of many bridges over her 150 canals, Venice is to have another bridge of noble design in memory of her fallen soldiers.

Two iron bridges across the Grand Canal have been condemned on artistic grounds. These are near the station and academy. The academy one, it has been decided, is to be replaced by a graceful stone bridge as a war memorial.

BOSTON PLANS STUDY OF TRAFFIC CHANGES

The first scientific attempt to unscramble one of the most complicated and difficult traffic problems in the United States is soon to get under way in Boston, where the city council has appropriated \$25,000 for a comprehensive traffic survey of the metropolitan area under the direction of Albert Russel Erskine Bureau for Street Traffic Research.

The congestion of street traffic has for the past several years been one of the most serious municipal problems in Boston, where solution of the traffic problem is considered to be particularly difficult because of the city's notoriously narrow and crooked streets.

POWER TO CONTROL BLOOD MAKES PIN-CUSHION OF BOY

Warren Smith, seventeen, says he is a "human pincushion."

A little while ago the youth discovered he could thrust pins and needles through his cheeks, arms, legs and other portions of his body with harm and with little or no bleeding. He began to practice with sharp pointed instruments and blood control until recently he is able to thrust a darning needle through his cheeks or a pin through

the fleshy parts of his arm without losing a drop of blood.

Smith claims he can stop his pulse, or draw blood from any member at will. While the blood is absent and the flesh pale white, he inserts and removes the pins and needles.

Physicians express the belief the youth is one of those rare and abnormal people who possess the ability to control involuntary functions, and that through this unique faculty he actually does halt the flow of blood.

PIRATES INVADE MEN'S STYLE ROW

Pirates have invaded Savile Row, the Mecca of the well-dressed Londoner.

The intruders stitch a Savile Row label into a cheaply-made suit and dispose of their output to second-hand shops which charge a premium under the pretense that it is actually a cast-off of some wealthy individual. The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry and others of the nobility are among the Row's customers.

The chief pretext, as set forth in the display windows of the second-hand shops, is this:

"This suit was not required by His Lordship who has gone into mourning."

RACE DETERMINED BY HAIR

Human hair betrays race, nationalities, sex and probably age, the American Anthropological Association of the Central United States was informed at its annual meeting in Chicago, Ill., by M. R. Bernstein, of New York City, a student at the University of Chicago, who has concluded detailed experiments with hair of all colors and grades.

An Irishman's hair, for instance, has different weight than an Italian's, and an old Irishman's hair, Mr. Bernstein said he believed, would show a definite difference from a young Irishman's.

This discovery has considerable importance in the realm of physical anthropology, Mr. Bernstein said, inasmuch as researchers may now have hair to work upon as well as skulls.

1,200 BLIND FRENCHMAN PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS

Twelve hundred blind persons earn their living as musicians in France, and among them are players of note.

These blind musicians were educated in the National Institution for the Young Blind. They were taught to play for distraction, but Valentin Haiy, their leader, showed them how music might make them independent.

Eight organists of large Paris churches, including Notre Dame, are blind. There are among these several composers and many conductors of small orchestras.

The old theory that the blind have a peculiar aptitude for music, say directors of the school, has not been proved by their experience, but they have found that the blind do well in music, probably because they are able to concentrate and because their misfortune spurs them to unusual efforts.

PLUCK AND LUCK

— Latest Issues —

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